

# My Horse My Love



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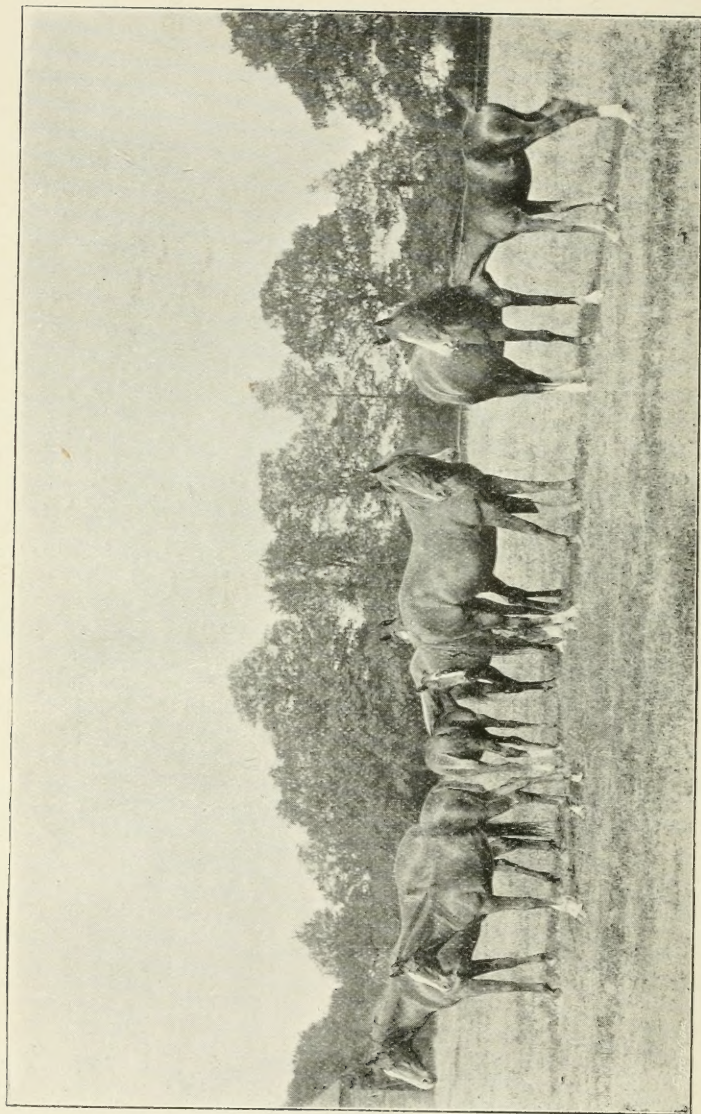


MY HORSE; MY LOVE









GROUP OF MARES AND FOALS AT THE CRABBIT ARABIAN STUD, 1898.



# My Horse; My Love

BY

SARA BUCKMAN-LINARD

‘His neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and  
his countenance enforces homage.’

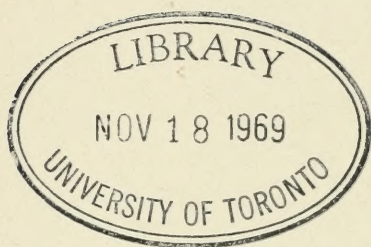
—KING HENRY V.

ILLUSTRATED

LONDON

T. FISHER UNWIN

1898



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To  
MY DAUGHTERS  
VIRNIE AND MARGUERITE  
THIS BOOK  
IS MOST LOVINGLY  
INSCRIBED





# CONTENTS

## *PART I*

CHAP.	PAGE
INTRODUCTION, . . . . .	I
I. VETERINARY EDUCATION, . . . . .	7
II. FACILITIES FOR BREEDING IN AMERICA, . . . . .	13
III. THE SENSE OF SMELL IN THE HORSE, . . . . .	17
IV. NATURE'S VINAIGRETTE, . . . . .	20
V. ARABIA, . . . . .	26
VI. FAMOUS ARABIAN HORSES, . . . . .	31
VII. PEDIGREE OF ARABIAN HORSES, . . . . .	38
VIII. IT IS THE BLOOD THAT TELLS, . . . . .	43
IX. TYPES OF ARABIAN HORSES, . . . . .	46
X. ARABIAN HORSES IN ENGLAND, . . . . .	51
XI. ENGLISH AND RUSSIAN HORSES, . . . . .	55
XII. CRUELTY OF DOCKING, . . . . .	60

CHAP.	PAGE
XIII. OPERATION OF DOCKING, . . . . .	65
XIV. THE MEXICAN BIT AND CURB, . . . . .	70
XV. THE BEARING-REIN, . . . . .	75
XVI. BALKING OR JIBBING, . . . . .	79
XVII. BLINKERS AND BLINDNESS, . . . . .	83
XVIII. TEETH AND TOOTHACHE, . . . . .	87
XIX. LOCKJAW, . . . . .	89
XX. ARAB HORSES IN SOUTH AMERICA, . . . . .	94
XXI. ARAB HORSES IN NORTH AMERICA, . . . . .	98
XXII. SECRETARY SEWARD'S ARABS, . . . . .	104
XXIII. SELIM, . . . . .	106
XXIV. ABDALLAH, . . . . .	109
XXV. THE AMERICAN HORSE, . . . . .	112
XXVI. STANDARD-BRED HORSES, . . . . .	117
XXVII. GENERAL GRANT'S HORSES, . . . . .	120
XXVIII. MORE ABOUT THE ARAB HORSE, . . . . .	128
XXIX. AMERICANS AND THEIR HORSES, . . . . .	132

*PART II*

CHAP.	PAGE
I. WHICH TELLS WHY THERE IS A SECOND PART, . . .	141
II. EARLY HISTORY OF HORSE CULTIVATION IN ENGLAND, . . .	145
III. HISTORY OF HORSE CULTIVATION— <i>continued</i> , . . .	147
IV. TRAINING, RACES, THE FIRST DERBY; . . . . .	149
V. JOCKEYS, . . . . .	152
VI. TATTERSALL'S HIGHFLYER, . . . . .	154
VII. LORD DERBY, GEORGE IV., AND RACING OF VARIOUS KINDS, . . . . .	156
VIII. THE FOUNDING OF THE GRAND STAND, ASCOT, ETC., . . .	159
IX. OF DERBY WINNERS, ETC., . . . . .	162
X. OF OWNERS OF WINNERS, . . . . .	165
XI. WHICH CONTINUES THE LIST OF WINNERS, . . . . .	167
XII. WINNERS— <i>continued</i> , . . . . .	170
XIII. THE PRINCE OF WALES DERBY, . . . . .	172
XIV. THE DERBIES OF 1897-98, . . . . .	174
XV. DERBY DAY, . . . . .	176

CHAP.	PAGE
XVI. A VISIT TO MR JOHN PORTER AT KINGSCLERE, . . .	180
XVII. TRAINING, . . . . .	183
XVIII. BREEDING QUEEN'S PLATES, . . . .	187
XIX. BREEDS OF HORSES IN THE OLD WORLD, . . .	190
XX. A TRUE ARABIAN, . . . . .	194
XXI. THE BEDAWEEEN, . . . . .	196
XXII. STILL MORE ABOUT ARABS, . . . . .	198
XXIII. RABIAH'S HORSES, . . . . .	200
XXIV. ORIGIN OF THE ARAB HORSE, ETC., . . . .	204
XXV. WHICH TELLS OF THE ARAB'S LOVE FOR HIS HORSE,	208
XXVI. A VISIT TO REV. F. FURSE VIDAL AND HIS STUD OF ARABIANS AT NEEDHAM, SUFFOLK, . . . .	214
XXVII. HORSES—THEIR FINAL USES, . . . . .	218
XXVIII. CONCLUSION, . . . . .	223
APPENDIX.—EXPLANATION OF TERMS, . . . . .	226



## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

1. Group of Mares and Foals at the Crabbet Arabian Stud, 1898, . . . . .	<i>Frontispiece</i>
	<i>To face page</i>
2. Group of Arab Brood Mares, . . . . .	28
3. Ibn Nura, Arabian horse, bred by the late Ali Pasha, Sherif in Cairo, descended from the mares and stallions collected by Abbas I., Viceroy of Egypt; now at Sheykh Obeyd Stud, colour white, flea-bitten, . . . . .	44
4. Gomussa, a two-year-old bay, by Kouch, out of Naomi, . . . . .	52
5. Ibn Mesaoud, Arabian horse, bred at Sheykh Obeyd Stud ; dam Saada, a chestnut mare from the Roala tribe ; sire Mesaoud, a chestnut descended from the mares and stallions collected by Abbas I. First Prize in the class for Arabian stallions, and Champion Prize in the class for winners in all classes, Cairo Horse Show, 1896, . . . . .	70
6. Group of Mares and Foals at the Crabbet Arabian Stud, 1898, . . . . .	94
7. Bint Fereyha, brood mare descended from the mares and stallions collected by Abbas I., Viceroy of Egypt, bred by the late Ali Pasha, Sherif in Cairo (with filly foal by Ibn Nura); now at Sheykh Obeyd Stud, colour white, . . . . .	104
8. Facsimile of Letter written by General Grant, . . . . .	124-5
9. Nimr, grandsire of Naomi, . . . . .	128

	<i>To face page</i>
10. Arab Mares in the act of jumping at Arab stud farm, Needham Market, . . . . .	141
11. Bint Nura, brood mare descended from the mares and stallions collected by Abbas I., now at the Crabbet Park Arabian Stud, colour full chestnut, . . . . .	158
12. Ibn Nura, another portrait, . . . . .	198
13. Shibboleth, sire of Kars and Sherifa, . . . . .	204
14. Ahmar, 1898, . . . . .	208
15. Trigonia, a chestnut mare, dam of Kouch and Aurora, . . . . .	214
16. Beau (3 years), by Kismet, dam Coquette, by Kouch, granddam Mitre, . . . . .	216
17. Kautaka II, two-year-old stallion, by Kismet, out of Sultana, . . . . .	224

# My Horse; My Love

## INTRODUCTION

‘ АН, this is delightful,’ exclaimed the Count, as he held his hands toward the cheerful blaze of a bright wood fire on our broad old hearthstone.

The Count had come to make us a long-promised visit in the early autumn, arriving at the twilight hour of a dreary day, chill and bleak, with a persistent soaking rain, and a gusty, sougning wind. For one long week the sun had hidden his face behind the dull and sodden sky, depriving us of the solace even of a brisk walk or a game at tennis in these last days of our summer sojourn by the seaside. So we heard the roar of the ocean, and the howling wind outside, with a pleasing sense of comfort in the contrast, as we watched the wide flames, now shooting up with a noisy crackling energy, now dying down to a hissing, mysterious whisper.

Conversation was brisk, for the Count had such an inexhaustible fund of romance, fact, story and adventure that we gave him little chance of rest when an adroit question here and there inspired him to tell us of his past life. A Polish patriot—the last of the noble family of Kosciusko—his studied English and quaint accent added greatly to the interest of his narrations.

As he had promised to tell us the 'why and wherefore' of his residence in America, with a final poke at the fire the little war of question and reply began.

THE COUNT.

You have promised, Count, to give us some particulars of your life in Russia. Since you were born in Poland, did you serve in the Russian army by choice?

'Poland being subject to Russia, I had no choice but to serve in the Russian army. It would be a life-long reproach to his courage and patriotism, if a nobleman, born in Poland, without physical deformity, and strong in limb and wind, should fail to devote some years of his life to military service. He would be stripped of his title of nobility, and could arrive at no personal distinction of an honourable character.

'Then also Poland is a nation of soldiers, the government being controlled by old soldiers rather than by statesmen. Although diplomacy in foreign countries is studied as are the learned professions, in Poland it must be learned through the use of the sword, by military rule and suggestion. A man must at least prove himself a brave soldier before he can serve the government as a diplomatist, or in any other capacity.'

Then you joined the Polish insurrection against Russia?

'It was Poland that I loved, my own country, and it was my duty to fight for her, and my pleasure also. We longed for liberty, and fought for it desperately. But Russia is a powerful nation, and we were outnumbered. I was thrown into an Austrian prison, where I remained four months,



and was then ordered to be sent to Russia. Knowing something of what torture awaited me there, and finding friends in the prison who were in communication with friends outside, I determined to make my escape.'

How did you manage that?

'The bars of my cell had been cut, and hearing the signal agreed upon, I emerged from the window, and found it not too difficult a matter to leap to the parapet, then to the bastion, to another parapet, to a bastion below, and so on until I had descended low enough to make the plunge into the river. Swimming about 4000 yards, I reached the opposite side just as the signal gun gave voice that a prisoner had escaped.

'As I reached the shore a friend seized my hand and ran with me to a carriage in waiting. Dry clothing, food and brandy had been provided, but we tarried not. The good horses flew over the ground toward Bavaria, and once over its friendly borders I was again a free man.'

Did you remain long in Bavaria?

'Not long. As soon as I had rested I went to Switzerland, where I was waited on by emissaries from Alexander, who offered to restore to me my entire property—which he had confiscated—and all my other rights, if I would swear to bend the knee to him and become once more his body-guard. But I loved my freedom too well to put it again in jeopardy. Knowing that even now these messengers of the Emperor had secret power to enforce his commands, I asked for a few hours in which to arrange some affairs. Fancying that they had met with less opposition than they expected, they readily and courteously acceded to my request. I wasted no time, but escaping from the house, reached the railroad station just as the fast train towards

Liverpool came in sight. My securities I carried on my person, and with the aid of them and my profession I began life in America with a glad heart, rejoicing in the freedom which this brave land gives to all who dwell within its boundaries.'

# PART I





## CHAPTER I

### VETERINARY EDUCATION

I SEE you have prepared a lecture for us this evening, Count, and intend to tell us what these figures in plaster-of-Paris mean.

‘They represent the anatomy of a horse. I have modelled them for the better understanding of breeders owning valuable animals. One outlines the muscular formation, with all the tendons and ligaments, while the other is a complete skeleton, showing Nature’s marvellous arrangement of bones, and the working of the intestinal functions.’

How very cleverly done they are !

‘Well, you see that when a horse is ill from accident or disease, his condition is better explained by a reference to the models. For instance, when I was called lately as a witness in regard to the soundness of a horse, I could prove by a drawing, submitted to the court, the condition of the horse’s hoofs, which were separated from the lamina. The judge, comparing the drawing with the model, saw easily where the difficulty lay, and gave a decision in accordance with my statements.’

Where did you study, Count ?

‘I have my diploma from the Maramonte College in Warsaw, and, with the title of colonel, was in the Pietro

Pavosky stud staff of Alexander II. of Russia for many years.'

Veterinary surgery is then considered an important science?

'In all countries under military rule it ranks very high as a learned profession.'

Indeed! you know we rather look down upon a man here who can find nothing better to do than to doctor animals. One can hardly insult a physician more, than to ask him to set a dog's broken leg, or otherwise prescribe for him.

'Yes, so I have heard, but it is very different in Europe. In Russia, Germany, Austria, and other countries under military government, horses are not sacrificed if by any amount of care and attention they can be saved. A Russian general argues that ignorance is inexcusable where the illness or wounds of a horse are concerned; and as fine horses are scarcer than common soldiers, they are well taken care of.'

Then the soldiers are not of so much account as the horses they ride?

'It is even so. If a soldier or groom should lose a valuable horse through any neglect or oversight, he is likely to pay the forfeit with his life!'

But the course in veterinary science must be a very difficult one?

'It is indeed, madam. The rules are strict, the examinations very rigid, and it is only after a long course of hard study that a student receives his diploma, which is really a necessary equipment. For in Europe as in America, it is in classical colleges, the proof and reward of close and serious study. There are seven primary classes which

prepare the student for practical work, which is at first disheartening, for with all his book knowledge he seems to have nothing to start with. An animal cannot tell his ailments, or where the pain is, and the doctor must find out for himself. Now, if the student can pass an examination he may be assigned to a place in the imperial studs; but at every advancement on the military staff, he must pass a new examination, until at the end of five years he becomes a graduate, with the title of veterinary surgeon and animal doctor.'

Is it possible the course includes five years of hard study?

'No less is sufficient. In nearly all European countries the animal doctor advances through military service, aided by the close and practical observation of and association with his own horses; attending personally to their needs, even to the blacking of their hoofs, albeit his servant may blacken his boots. The course includes all that medical science teaches, whether of biped or quadruped, with feathers or without. He must be practical in everything, even to the forging and fitting of his horses' shoes, a most important thing to know.

'In the English cavalry, a regular course of lectures on the anatomy of the horse is given to the different regiments. A competent instructor chalks off the various sections on the body of the horse, while the members of the class must pass a rigid examination on these important lessons.'

Are there many such colleges in Europe, and which is considered the best?

'The highest veterinary college for cattle is in Switzerland, and that in England ranks next. But in England the college is not under government control, as it is in Russia,

Austria, Germany, France, and indeed all European countries under the *régime* of military law.

‘In these countries there is a veterinary surgeon on every Board of Health to determine the sanitary condition of suspected animals before they are butchered. In Bavaria every hog is examined by an animal doctor before it can be sold, to avoid trichinosis, and since the horse has been declared good for food, the fact proves that veterinary science has made great strides.’

Then science has proved that horse-flesh is good to eat ?

‘It has, emphatically so. Horses were formerly too expensive to buy for post-mortem examinations. Now, if a horse break his leg, and so being useless is killed ; if, after examination by a veterinary, he is pronounced healthy, he can be cut up and eaten. The custom has become too common to convey an idea of horror as it once did. In some cities there are restaurants where horse-flesh is the only meat provided. Then our daily accounts during the siege of Paris, and the high esteem in which horse-meat was there held, have helped also to cure us of this idea.’

We might then have saved our shudders and our sympathy for the horse-devouring community.

‘They could not starve while having sound horse-flesh to live on. Three-fourths of the food supply of almost every country is derived from the animal kingdom, which statement, although it may offer a wide field for argument, is not difficult of proof. To cite an exception : in the tropical parts of Africa there is a fly so destructive to animal life that only the goat can exist there. From the bite of the tsetse fly a horse can never recover, and dies in ten days or so, but it is innocuous to man. The men and women,



perforce, are beasts of burden, and travellers must walk and carry their own luggage. In China, because of the enormous population, only the very rich can keep cattle and horses. Where the population is not so dense, the animal is freer, healthier and tougher, not stronger nor more speedy, for a wild beast can always outrun a domesticated animal. In the Orient, all animals that sweat only from the tongue are considered unclean, while those that sweat from the pores, including horse and man, are good for daily food.'

Is not that a rather heathenish distinction?

'The Bible speaks of "*Wise* men from the East," and in all that pertains to mankind and animals the Orientals have strict laws, founded on the closest practical observation, which have become an essential part of their religion.'

Then the fact that men sweat from their pores, as do horses, makes the excuse in the cannibal's mind when he regales himself on a particularly fat and toothsome missionary?

'Ah, madam, I fear religion plays a small part in the cannibal's peculiar appetite. He eats his enemies with relish, his neighbours with the blackest hides! Has not the missionary, with his dainty white skin, a high courage to put his tempting self within reach of their long arms, much as he may wish to convert them to more civilised dishes and ways?'

He has indeed. But to return, do you find a creditable amount of knowledge among the veterinarians in America?

'Until within a comparatively recent period, very few have ever been out of America, unless imported from Europe. They did not possess stables of their own, and

were mostly interested only as hired physicians, not as owners of valuable horses. The finest racers in this country come from the least pretentious stables, as a stricter, closer personal attention is exercised by the proprietor, and important needs are not left to the grooms.'

## CHAPTER II

### FACILITIES FOR BREEDING IN AMERICA

WHERE do our best horses come from?

‘They are imported principally from England. From English thoroughbreds we get our hunters, runners, trotters, hackneys, post and cart horses, etc. Books have been written upon the subject which tell about selecting good horses for breeding purposes, but they have not yet learned how to get a good horse from poor parents.’

But is that possible?

‘Certainly it is. They undersand the result of certain combinations, but with all the wonderful facilities in America, men have yet to learn how to mate horses so as to be *sure* of securing one that will trot a mile in two minutes, all the way to one that will trot in 1.50. They do not understand how to combine the breeds, so that the inbred, so far, is only occasionally good. To mate extremes, such as the Arabian with the Shetland pony, is not to produce good results. In mating, the mechanical proportions of a horse, together with lungs of great volume and capability, are of the highest importance to consider. From endurance you get the greatest speed, but not always the greatest endurance from the speediest horses. Racers rarely run or trot after they are eight years old, and are then only good for the stud. Physiological laws in mating

should be well understood. So, instead of one phenomenally good once in a while, it would be the rule to secure always the finest animals. In America there is everything to favour the highest development to which the horse can attain.

‘First, there is immense wealth and a generous inclination to spend it ; second, the great diversity of climate agrees with the horse, if not always with man ; and third, food is never lacking, there being also a great diversity in hay, certain herbs growing among the grass which are exceedingly nutritious and delicious to the palate of a horse. Then the country is wide, the air is pure and invigorating. Horses delight in the open freedom of air and space. If living in confined places, too close to mankind, they will contract similar diseases, and men will also be affected more or less through contagion.’

Is it possible that human beings have the same diseases as horses ?

‘The illnesses of both bear a close resemblance, though producing different phenomena, as in persons. Colic in horses is very alarming and distressing, and extremely dangerous to life. If taken in time, however, it may be cured. It is far more severe than in man, and if not speedily cured may make an invalid for life of the animal. ‘Strong opiates are the surest remedy. Sunstroke is easily managed, if understood, and is not at all uncommon, being frequently taken for blind staggers, although the symptoms differ somewhat.

‘Physical malformation and glanders are incurable. A horse afflicted with glanders should be shot more quickly than you would shoot a mad dog. He should be buried deep, with plenty of quicklime to cover him. The

disease is so infectious, that the flies carry it, and with it infection to human beings, as well as to other animals. I knew a man who was so unfortunate as to scratch his finger with his instrument while dissecting a glandered horse. The finger soon began to swell. I implored him to let me cut it off and cauterise the wound, but he laughed at my fears, and declared it was nothing. In a day or two his hand and arm were frightfully swollen, and I then told him his condition was serious, and besought him to submit to amputation at the shoulder. But he was obstinate, and still pooh-poohed the idea of danger. A few days later, I saw him again. Alas! excruciating pains were now his portion, and the poisonous injection from the glandered horse had reached his vitals. It was too late to save him, and he finally died a horrible death, rotted away piecemeal by the disease. La grippe bears a close resemblance to glanders, though in a much milder form, but if a man takes glanders from a horse, there is no cure for him.'

Are the symptoms easily recognised?

'The symptoms of other diseases not dangerous are sometimes similar to, and mistaken for, glanders. Only the other day, I was called in great haste to see seven valuable horses, condemned to be shot by the attending veterinary. As I could not discover the leading signs of glanders, I examined them carefully, and could assure the owner that they had been unjustly condemned.'

He must have been delighted to hear it.

'The expression of relief on his unhappy face showed that Hope had entered into his heart. One of the horses had already suffered the sentence of death, so in order to be sure, he requested me to make a post-mortem examination. I did so at once, and finding no *yellow spot* on the

liver, heart, kidneys or other interior organs, I could assure him that his fears were groundless, and that his horses could be cured. Every one of them is now at work, and as well as ever.'

Is it possible to mend a broken leg?

'It depends somewhat upon the locality of the break, and the value of the horse. I had a valuable mare hanging in the "cradle" for four months, having set her leg, put it in splints, and covered it with a plaster-of-Paris jacket. When the inevitable stiffness had worn off, she trotted as well as ever; but the cure, of course, required the greatest care, and was attended by very great expense as well as much discomfort, not suffering, to the mare on account of her enforced position.'

But it was well worth the trouble, was it not? Other animals are always killed, I understand.

'Not always. A year ago I set the broken leg of a little calf, which has now grown into a fine heifer, and indicates in no way her previous misfortune. A valuable dog should never be shot for a broken leg when there is a chance to save him. Many a dog's leg I have set, and every time have gained a warm, true friend.



## CHAPTER III

### THE SENSE OF SMELL IN THE HORSE

OF course, Count, you have read what Madame de Staël says, that 'the sense of smell is the noblest of the senses.' Is it the keenest sense in the horse?

'While the senses of sight and hearing are preternaturally acute, even more so than in dogs, the sense of smell is exceedingly fine. It answers to the combined senses of touch, taste, and smell, in man. If a horse can investigate an object to his satisfaction, with his nose, he no longer fears it.

'He may see and hear a steam engine, that *bête noir* of the horse, and through these senses exhibit fear and anxiety to get away from it. But if once coaxed close and held firmly near it, *and made to smell it*, he will never show or feel the same fear again, and aided by sight and hearing can soon be broken to its various manifestations of noise—escaping steam, whistle and shriek.'

Then it is important to take him close enough to the locomotive, to let him smell it in order to break him properly?

‘His nose will convince him of its harmlessness, when eyes and ears fail.’

How can he conquer his fear of wild beasts, even when they are caged or tamed—he surely smells them?

‘To his natural enemies, even in bondage—the lion and tiger and other carnivorous animals—he manifests a strong aversion; but if his nose can be rubbed with something from their cages, even the straw in which they lie, he will no longer fear their terrible roar, and will pass them by in lofty indifference. Whether the smell of the cage conveys the idea of captivity it is hard to tell, but these are facts easily proved.’

Is it not wonderful how horses seem to enjoy the excitement of battle?

‘The horse hates blood, but rub it on his nose, as the soldiers sometimes do before going into battle, and he will no longer shun it. It is the unexpected and the *unsmelled*, that so scares even the most amiable animal. In his master whom he loves he places wonderful and abiding confidence, and appreciates the decision and determination, coupled with kindness, that will finally conquer him. When other efforts have failed, he will follow his example and will take the plunge into deep water which he has refused, if his master plunge in first, and will swim with him.’

Ah, yes! I have read many a traveller’s tale, how he has been saved from impending death through the simple discretion, instinctive wisdom, and more than human endurance of his horse. I am sure you must have had many such experiences.

‘I will relate to you one, which seems even to me almost incredible. Being wounded in battle, and falling from my horse unconscious, the noble creature seized my clothing in

his teeth, and, lifting me from the ground, carried me to a safe distance. Three times in the course of this removal I recovered consciousness, when he would lay me down again most carefully. Each time I found myself farther away from the scene of battle, and at last began to revive. Some of my regiment had followed us, but brave Omar would allow nobody to approach me, standing guard defiantly over me until my own servant arrived.'

How dearly you must have loved so noble an animal! Where did you find one of such rare intelligence?

'Omar II. was of the pure Nedj breed of Arabia, the rarest and finest in all the world. His father, Omar I., I obtained by stratagem (as well as his mother, Ansha), leaving in his place \$15,000 in gold, as these horses are never bought or sold. Omar II. had been my especial pet and charge since his birth, and a more perfect animal never lived.'

## CHAPTER IV

### NATURE'S VINAIGRETTE

I HAVE often wondered, Count, what the dry grey warts on the inside of each foreleg of the horse, and about the size of a silver dollar, could be intended for. They are the only spot on all his beautiful body that could be called unsightly, and so I questioned an owner and breeder of fine horses.

‘And what did he tell you?’

He said that he had thought the osselets, for so he called them, a sort of safety-valve through which the blood was rid of its impurities. So when one of his horses had ‘scratches’ he peeled off the layers as close as he could, and watched the results. When the ‘scratches’ went away, he attributed the cure to what he had done, but admitted that it may have had no influence. He thought also that when the horse rubs his nose against his legs he may be trying to peel off the layers, and thus get relief from some little ailment. Is this your theory also, Count?

‘Ah, madam, that is a question that has been asked over and over again by men of science, of deep practical learning and observation, without discovering any satisfactory reply. We all know that before the foal is born, the fore-legs are joined together at the osselets. I have made

experiments, and have come to a conclusion that is bound to meet with doubt, possibly scorn, from those who always doubt, and from the ignorant and unthinking. But I am satisfied of the truth of my discovery.

‘Everybody who loves horses and observes their ways will have noticed that after a long and fatiguing journey, or sustained and tiresome work, the horse will rub his nose, first on the inside of one foreleg and again on the other, tossing his head meanwhile, throwing it about and taking long deep breaths of relief and satisfaction.

‘I believe that Nature has furnished to our domestic slave, the noblest of all God’s brute creation, her vinaigrette and restorative. When the weary, over-taxed animal, sweating at every pore, and covered with foam, can reach down and rub with his wet nose this always dry hard substance, he is instantly refreshed with an odour like that of geranium. Tossing his head with delight, and sniffing perceptibly, he applies again and again his wet nose to this bountiful, secret and cunningly arranged restorative, and is thus fortified and strengthened sufficiently to resume his journey.’

And have you really tested this wonderful theory to your own satisfaction?

‘To test my belief I removed from one of my horses these warts in the foreleg, over which the skin grew healthily, but the horse never showed the same endurance, and his value was diminished by half. In another case, when I experimented an eruption broke out over the healing wound, and the poor animal soon grew so lame and useless that he had to be shot, a sacrifice to science. These two experiments were sufficient, I think, to test the wonderful truth of what I have said. By wetting the fingers and rubbing them on these dry warts the unmistakable odour of

geranium thus generated must carry conviction to the most unbelieving.'

Is it the same whether in horses of pure or impure breeding and blood ?

'The higher the breed and the purer the blood, the more pronounced is the odour ; and small osselets indicate fine breeding. The native Arabian, in his swift and never-ending journeyings to and fro in the scorching heat of the unprotected desert, with scant food and most limited supplies of water, draws constant stimulant from this, Nature's nosegay ; and the weary cavalry horse, on forced marches, lets his head droop lower and lower to catch, perchance, one more whiff of the grateful and sustaining odour.'

Your argument would be a powerful one against the bearing-rein ; but are other animals similarly provided ?

'It is a remarkable fact in natural history that every race, whether of man or beast, and everything that has life, which grows in or from the ground, is distinguished by its own peculiar odour. This odour is agreeable or not, according to its delicacy or the strength to which it is developed.'

And has it a similar purpose ?

'In many cases it is bestowed by Nature's wonderful forethought as a means of offence or defence, and many animals carry with them a well-supplied vinaigrette which, in times of exhaustion, they turn to and inhale exceeding refreshment therefrom. In some the odour is perceptible to themselves only, while in others it is such a powerful means of defence as to make the pursuing victim wish he had never been born, which floods cannot drown nor fires quench, if any part escape, and only six feet of earth can extinguish.



‘Notably also, among these is the musk antelope, which sends forth such a powerful odour of musk that even at the distance of one hundred yards he has been known to overcome his enemy.’

Is musk never made from plants?

‘Musk, with the exception of the musk plant, is entirely an animal perfume, and is contained in a bag situated near the perineum, which, by muscular contraction or expansion, the animal can control at will. Experienced hunters know that when shooting, even at longest rifle range, a musk antelope or a mountain goat, if the wind be blowing toward them from the animal they must immediately drop and bury their faces in the ground, or the last effort of the expiring animal will carry to them a suffocating odour quite unbearable.’

What accounts for the very perceptible odour of musk in some churches in Europe?

‘In Constantinople the Mohammedan Mosque of Sofia is pervaded always by a strong smell of musk. In order to supply this perfume, which was freely mixed with the mortar and cement which bound together the stones, thousands upon thousands of the musk antelopes were slaughtered. Thus, while one stone is left upon another of this ancient and interesting building, the odour of musk must remain to refresh or to annoy its visitors, according as the sense is affected.

‘Then musk has medicinal qualities, for, taken internally after being dissolved in water, the substance of this little bag is said to be an excellent specific for pulmonary diseases. It is, too, a well-known fact that the negroes of the South value highly—and are not deterred by the necessarily close and nauseous proximity to obtain it—

the substance of the pole-cat as a sure cure for rheumatism, as well as for coughs and colds.'

Then the odour of musk belongs to many animals?

'Musk is probably the most common of animal perfumes, or at least the one which we are best able to recognise. The muskrat, inhabiting our own ponds and ditches, is greatly in demand by the compounder of perfumes, and it is a species of jollification to hunt them, which dogs and negroes enter into with excited zest. In all thoroughbred cattle there is a small cavity in the head, immediately between, and at the root of, the horns. By rubbing the fingers in this cavity a distinct odour of musk will be perceptible in them.'

Have I not heard that beavers betray themselves by a peculiar odour?

'Yes, beavers emit an odour well known to hunters of them, in which it seems that Nature cruelly favours their enemies. The poor little industrious creatures, so valuable for their pretty fur, fancying themselves secure in their hidden dams, reveal by this freak of Nature their hiding-places, and thus become easy victims to covetous man.'

Are not foxes an easier prey for the same reason?

'When the hunted fox is sore bested, and the hounds are gaining upon him steadily and surely, he will be seen suddenly to turn himself round and round, with bewildering rapidity, and with his head and tail in close proximity. After several of these revolutions he makes a sudden spurt, and soon gains a great advantage of distance between himself and his pursuers; and if luck be with him he may escape. Many a huntsman through a long life has chased the fox with enthusiastic ardour, who would be surprised to know that in the very tip of his tail or brush is a little

bunch of hairs, from twenty-five to thirty in number, which gives forth to the despairing and almost vanquished beast the refreshing and stimulating odour of violets. And with this choice vinaigrette of Nature's furnishing the hunted creature is sustained.'

Then this simple fact may explain why the hunters return in such unsatisfied humour?

'Ah, I have laughed to hear them making the air blue with vengeful threats against the sly old fellow never yet run to earth, and who again and again has outwitted them.'

But does not the fact help the hounds also?

'Doubtless the hounds, with their keen scent, follow with delight this delicious perfume, and find it an added incentive to their murderous designs.'

Madame de Staël's idea of the sense of smell may have been founded on some such knowledge, and she may have had a long nose as well as a large foot.

'How so, madam?'

You have heard of Talleyrand's retort at the masked ball when she challenged him for recognition: '*C'est bien facile de reconnaître la statue par le pied de Staël.*'<sup>1</sup>

'Ah, I remember, but it was a cruel thrust of Talleyrand's.'

<sup>1</sup> It is very easy to recognise the statue by the (pedestal) foot of Staël.

## CHAPTER V

### ARABIA

YOUR visits to Arabia must have been very interesting, Count. Have you been there often?

‘Ah, yes, madam, many times. I have lived among the Arabs in their tents for months at a time, travelling with them in their journeyings from place to place; penetrating into the very depths of the desert, and longing with them for the sight of an oasis after the intense heat of the day.’

Then you speak their language?

‘That goes without saying, and many of their dialects also, which are important to know.’

Had you any special object, beyond the love of travel, to induce you to spend so much time with them, and were they always friendly?

‘To me they were always friendly, for the reason that some of their remote ancestors were mine also, and with them, nothing is so strong as the ties of blood. Their pride of race is one of their strongest characteristics, since they can trace back their ancestry for thousands of years. For aliens and strangers they have a certain contemptuous pity, as not belonging to them, as well as much distrust and suspicion.’

I have heard the old adage, 'In the desert no one meets a friend.'

'Yes, it is one they verify daily, unless the rites of hospitality have already been offered, and bread has been broken with the stranger in the "tents of Shem." But they have certain unmistakable signs to show that their entertainment is at an end, and no hesitation then in declaring themselves at enmity.'

Are their manners agreeable?

'The sheiks have a grave and haughty dignity in their bearing, and polished manners, so affable that they can quickly secure the attachment of neighbouring tribes. Gifted with a courage never yielding and never dying, they are also born traders, and soon acquire great influence in their surroundings.'

You must have made opportunities to learn everything possible about their famous horses?

'My object in visiting the Arabs was always to purchase horses, and while I was prepared for trickery and even treachery in their dealings, I succeeded, even if stratagem were the means. They knew I was not to be deceived easily, and the remote ties of consanguinity had its influence.

'But if a man comes armed with wealth and might, desiring to purchase a favourite horse, the Arab will plunge into the desert, inaccessible except to the native, and there hide himself and his horse, until the danger of losing him is past. If the intending purchaser, however, brings only money, he had better have stayed at home, for the Arab will first kill and then plunder him. They are notorious highwaymen, and the laws of their country shield, rather than punish, such misdoings.'

It is said that Arabian horses have deteriorated, Count. Can it be true?

‘Indeed, no. It is impossible for the true Arab horse to deteriorate so long as the Arab tribes follow the same laws, and so jealously guard their rare breeds from loss by sale or theft.’

But we are said to have many Arabian horses here, as well as in Europe and South America?

‘They have a race of horses called the Levantine, which they offer in exchange for money and merchandise. These horses have excellent points, are showy, handsome, well-trained, and in every way desirable, but they no more compare with the true Arab breeds, than a clumsy cart-horse to the swift runner.’

Are there many distinct breeds?

‘There are but five, and every one entirely different and with distinctive marks. Those most highly prized, most rare and valuable are the Nedj and Osman. The other three, the Abdalla, Mohammed and Dakir, although of blood as pure and as impossible to obtain by purchase, have not the same matchless beauty.’

But were not the horses presented to General Grant thoroughbred Arabs?

‘There are many conflicting opinions regarding these horses, and their claim to being thoroughbred Arabs of the desert. It was thought they must be so because they were presented by the Sultan, but if you asked an Arab, he would tell you the Sultan never owned one of these rare breeds, and never had one in his stables.’

Have you ever seen Leopard, or Linden Tree, whose arrival in this country made such a sensation?

‘No, madam, and never having seen them I cannot ex-





GROUP OF ARAB BROOD MARES.

[To face page 28.]



press any opinion. Among horsemen in Europe who study the different breeds, it is believed they belonged to the Levantine family, being showy, stylish, strong, and with many fine points.'

Have you any other reason for believing so?

'As I have said before, these rare breeds which I have mentioned are considered so precious that every precaution is taken, not only by the owners, but by the whole tribe, to prevent their loss by sale or intrigue. The Arabs, with all their peculiar creeds of hospitality, have never arrived at that state of civilisation which could induce them to give away such treasures. If an owner should be tempted by an enormous price to part with a mare or stallion—there are no geldings—he would be put to death by his tribe, while the man who had the temerity to seek such a purchase must do so at the risk of his life.

'Every horse lives inside his owner's tent, and is the pet and delight of the women and children, and quite as much a part of the family. Their intelligence is almost human, as they answer in obedience to every word, and are so trained as to help their owners in defeating any attempt to carry them off.

'The endurance of the Arab horse is almost inconceivable. From the days when Noah's ark settled on Mount Ararat, and his sons descended to the plains of Shinar, or from those of Nimrod, his great-grandson, the "mighty hunter," down to the present day, the Arab has been bred to endure long days of continuous toil, semi-starvation and thirst.'

'His genealogy is established with that of the Ishmaelites. To-day, the Bedouin tribes who lead a nomadic and pastoral life in the Euphrates Valley desert (although

they possess no literature, and are therefore without a written history), are the only source of correct information. Their verbal traditions are handed down from father to son, with solemn and unerring truth, and are proved to be singularly accurate, in agreeing with those statements in written history, which are derived from other and reliable sources. Among the Bedouins are found the only pure-bred Arabs where the purity of blood is maintained. The number is very limited, as they do not breed for sale, but solely for their own uses. There are many families from this fine source, among whom are the Turcoman, African, Egyptian, Algerian and Morocco bred. The Hungarian and Wurtemberg governments have studs of pure-bred Arabs.

## CHAPTER VI

### FAMOUS ARABIAN HORSES

I HAVE heard the saying, 'Never let an animal lose its sucking flesh.'

'Yes, it is an axiom with English breeders. The Arab foal, on the contrary, while it may enjoy for the first few months of its young life the pastures and watered plains of "Araby the blest," endures great privations. Its tender little feet must trot along after its mother, on many a forced march, subsisting on the scantiest of fare, and esteeming a little camel's milk the greatest of luxuries. These are hardships for the baby Arab, not lightened by the fierce and perpendicular rays of the sun, on his head and spine, and the blistering sands under his feet.'

One cannot wonder that his growth is somewhat stunted, for Arabs are small, are they not?

'Yes, they are small; but what the Arab lacks in grandeur of physique, as seen in the English thoroughbred, the Percheron, or the enormous coach horses now so fashionable, he makes up in his perfect proportion, his proud and dainty and graceful mien and bearing, his never-failing courage, his iron constitution, his delightful

temper and disposition, his entire soundness, and his extraordinary ability to travel great distances with untiring speed.'

The last quality is a necessary one when you are running away with somebody else's property, eh, Count ?

'Ah, I see you refer to Omar I. He was famous, and now belongs to the Empress of Austria, the finest horse-woman in Europe. For three days and nights he travelled over the hot and barren plains of the Arabian desert with but two quarts of barley for food, and an occasional tuft of the Sahara clover. Only twice was there water found for him to drink. Fleet as a bird he ran, seemingly unconscious of his burden, and arrived at the wall before Cairo apparently as fresh as when he started. The two Slugh, enormous greyhounds called antelope catchers, which were a part of Omar's outfit, always travelling with him, were lagging many rods behind, footsore and utterly bested. But Omar neighed cheerfully, encouraging them to approach, and promising to them rest and refreshment in his sympathetic whinnies.'

Oh, pray describe him. He must have been wonderful to look at !

'His skin was black, and shone through a fine glossy coat of silver-grey hair ; his mane, full and long, and his tail, which swept the ground, were pink.<sup>1</sup> About fifteen hands high, in form the most beautiful that can be

<sup>1</sup> The Count said 'pink,' doubtless intending to denote the colour *sorrel*, which, when mixed with white, gives it a pinkish tinge. It is also a fact that some tribes of the desert dye the mane and tail of their horses to suit their own questionable taste in such matters. The horses of the Shah of Persia are conspicuous for their long tails. In order to further distinguish them, he follows this ancient fashion, of having their tails dyed crimson to a depth of six inches.



imagined in any four-footed animal, he was fleet as the wind, graceful as the antelope, trained to every agile movement, and with an endurance inconceivable. In disposition faultless, kind, gentle, caressing and obedient, he had never known whip or spur, or even a harsh word, giving always the best he knew. He was alive when last I heard of him, having carried the Empress of Austria during her journeyings through Ireland. He is now forty years old, and still in his prime, as the Arab horses are nearly as long-lived as a man.'

Do they make good war-horses?

'Ah, yes. In battle their extraordinary evolutions remind one of the gyratory movements of the swallow when it flies. They turn and wheel with such rapidity that it is almost impossible to get a shot at them, and if they run, nothing can catch them, their wonderful wisdom and cunning leading them and their riders out of difficulties the most serious. They come from Mecca, Medina, Palestine, and the Persian Gulf, the Nedj and Osman. They have the Abdalla race in the Atlas Mountains, as well as between Afghanistan and the Persian Mountains, where live also the Dakir and Mohammed breeds. These horses descend as heirlooms from father to son, and no possession is so precious as these exquisite animals. Then they also can prove a long ancestry, for their pedigree is carefully preserved with that of the family's own, and their names descend as do those of the generations of kings. Sometimes many or all the members of a tribe will be each a part sharer in a horse, and this horse is left by will to a successor. One cannot sell his share without permission from the rest, be he ever so much in need; and it must be a most unusual circumstance which could gain such permission.

Is there not some strange legend concerning Arabian horses, Count ?

‘Yes, and it is said to be a true one. The legend is this : During the reign of Mohammed he sent his grand vizier with his army, in the hope of conquering China. For five years they travelled over mountain and valley, through forest and desert, climbing rocky precipices to descend on the other side into the rivers and streams. Unparalleled hardships befell them on their long journey thither, and were not lightened on their return, inasmuch as every horse died on the road except five beautiful mares. From these and the Dziguetai (pronounced Gigati) are descended the five rare breeds so closely guarded by the Arab tribes.’

What are the Dziguetai ?

‘They are the wild Arabian stallions of the desert, out-matching and outwitting the wary and cunning Arab in his various devices to approach them, never letting them get nearer than half a mile. After exhausting every other artifice, the Arabs have lain concealed in the desert, by being buried in the sand, for days and nights in their fruitless efforts to secure them. But these untamed and untamable creatures, with their intelligent instinct, ever scented danger from afar, and kept their half-mile distance between themselves and their would-be captors. Their strength and endurance are greater than that of the Mohari, the desert camel, and they are far more fleet. These powerful runners brook no rider, no whip, spur or bridle, nor have they ever been captured or broken by man. Here was a dilemma ! So it occurred to the far-seeing Arabian that this race could at least be perpetuated and improved by arranging some equine marriages. Picketing the five beautiful mares near their hunting-grounds, they

were offered as brides to the Dzigguetai and accepted. The result gave everything most valued in the horse, as well as his matchless beauty.'

Do they differ greatly in colour and appearance?

'The Nedj and Osman have always a black skin under their coat, whether it be white or black. The Osman is usually the colour of a golden chestnut or blood cherry, with dark mane and tail, while these equipments in the Nedj are rose-coloured or sorrel. The Abdallah are a warm grey, inclining to black, with dark mane and tail—the Arabian term to express their colour, translated, meaning green. The Mahommed is light brown or *café au lait* in colour, sometimes dark enough to be called bay. The Dakir is a dark shining brown, and the manes and tails of all are long, fine and full, but not heavy.'

Do they wear shoes? A great traveller, one who had lived in South America, and there owned Arabian horses, told me they were never shod in that country.

'As their hoofs are hard as iron, they need no shoes, and die at an advanced age without having ever worn them.'

What are the distinguishing marks by which one can tell an Arabian?

'The pure-bred Arab is small, with such fineness of skin, that through it, the veins can be clearly traced. The head is small and lean, with bold open nostrils, thin as card-board. Very broad between the eyes, which are large and soft, and look at you with an expression of human intelligence. Ears small and erect, fine and thin as a kid glove. Mane full and long, not heavy. Tail almost touching the earth when standing, but lifted out when in motion, and waving to and fro like an ostrich plume. Thighs, fore and hind, immense. The frontal bone below

the knees very slender, and round like a finger when viewed from the front ; from the side it appears wide and muscular. Hoofs very small, hard and polished. Height from fourteen to fifteen hands. Gait an even stretching gallop, which never trembles and never tires, sure-footed as a mule, and tender-tempered as a baby.'

Your description is enchanting, but only convinces me that I have never seen a thoroughbred Arab. Is there no more to be told of the Dziguetai, Count ?

'I had a convincing experience that they can travel from one to two hundred miles in twelve consecutive hours, in order to drink from a certain clear cold spring in one of the oases, and to feed on the dainty nourishing grass there.'

Oh, Count, that seems incredible !


'I realise that the statement sounds most exaggerated, and I myself could hardly believe that flesh and blood could equal the locomotive's speed. I have lain concealed with the Arabs behind the rocks, and buried up to my neck in sand, hoping they might thus approach us more nearly. Stationed at a certain oasis in the desert, over seventy-five miles distant, were men to note the time of their arrival there. How they flew past us in the half-mile distance ! It was like watching an express train disappearing from view, while the thunder of their many hoofs scarce lasted longer than the roar of a passing train ! They had method in their going, and a leader whom they followed. Their bellies hugged the ground as their slender legs carried them on with long strides and an easy motion, in which there was no haste, but immense untiring speed, and infinite lightness and grace. For twelve hours we waited and watched for their return, and were finally rewarded by hearing approach the sound of their many hoofs, and could

see them fly past us with undiminished speed on their return. My men stationed so far off had noted there, carefully, the time of their arrival. By comparing it with that of their return, which I witnessed, I make no exaggeration in my statement. To be still more sure I tested these facts many times.'

## CHAPTER VII

### PEDIGREE OF ARABIAN HORSES

HAVE I not heard, Count, that the true-bred Arab has concealed marks by which to be identified?

‘On every Arab born and reared in the desert, and belonging to the families mentioned, are to be seen certain fine marks, intelligible only to the initiated. When the colt is young, a very fine hot iron, like a needle, is made to write certain marks and lines on the forelegs, to the right and left of the breast, something like this,  but differing on either side.

‘It is not a painful operation, for it is done too quickly to be very painful. Several of these needles are heated at the same time in burning camel's manure. One is taken up, a stroke or two made with it, and replaced in the heated mass. Then another is used and so on, until the delicate but perceptible branding is finished. The skin heals rapidly, and the young colt carries the long list of his ancestors about with him for the rest of his natural life.’

But does not the hair grow over and cover these slight marks?



'The hair never grows long enough to cover them entirely; hence, by the uninitiated, and even by travellers and horsemen who should know better, they have been called "blemishes," and "disfiguring marks." An Arab's first glance at a horse is for these important signs. The more marks the horse has, the longer his pedigree, and the more he is to be coveted. The blood has been kept pure for so many centuries, that any stain in it derived from possible cross-breeding would be considered ineradicable for ever. I will show you the picture of Gherka, an exquisite Arab who was shot under me in battle.

'I am sorry I cannot reproduce this picture.'

But she has marks on her flanks also! I remarked.

'Certainly! That on the hind flank represents her family, which was Nedj. The one on the shoulder signifies the province, Oran, where she was born, and the name of the tribe, "Keheilan," is that to which she belonged.'

She wouldn't have found it easy to lose herself, thus adorned with her family history; but I imagine few foreign eyes have ever beheld an Arabian of such absolutely pure blood?

'Very few travellers who have penetrated into the desert for the purpose, have ever been rewarded by the sight of these, as they are hidden away from strangers; and other breeds of shorter pedigree, and far less value, are brought forward to show their paces, and perchance bring an incredible price to their astute owners!'

Are these marks not very hard to read?

'To the scholar learned in cabalistic lore these hieroglyphics are easily read, for beginning with the father and mother, they indicate the ancestors for many generations back. Should anyone buy a horse so marked in America

or elsewhere, he will behold a thoroughbred Arab, but without these marks he is not one.

‘The signs on the left foreleg indicate the feminine side of descent, the mother, grandmother, great-grandmother, etc. On the right, the masculine side, the father, grandfather, great-grandfather, etc. An Arab regards the father of a family of very little account compared to the mother, whether of man or horse.

Is not that contrary to most precedent ?

‘As a plurality of wives is an essential element in the domestic economy of the Arab tribes, the question of a man’s title to distinction, and indeed, almost his identity, must be established by the fact of who is his mother. She belongs to the man who has bought her of her father, as do his other wives ; and when she is established in his household he sets his eunuch to watch her, that no doubt of her virtue may distract his thoughts, or fill his mind with uneasy jealousies.’

Then each of his numerous offspring is the proverbial ‘wise child’ in his day and generation ?

‘Most emphatically so, but to offset the duties of the watchful eunuch, to the mother and wife is shown the highest respect. A man or child may not sit in the presence of his mother, without her gracious permission, and to her wisdom and judgment, all important questions are submitted. The Arabs hold this same peculiar tenet with regard to their horses. Nothing will induce them to part with a mare of any rare breed, and because of their sex they are more highly esteemed and more favoured. A superstition of the Oural Cossacks is that a horse having two white feet at opposite extremities carries misfortune to his owner. When a colt is born with a white nose, it is a

sign that the owner's wife is unfaithful to him. So in speaking of a man or stallion the question is always, not who is his father, but who is his mother?'

Have the horses in Russia any special value or characteristics?

'The native Turcoman horses are closely allied with the Arabian. They are exceedingly tough, wild and difficult to tame and teach. So obstinate are they, and so wicked, that, given a good chance, they will kill their rider or keeper, and, failing this, will persistently refuse to eat, and thus starve to death rather than obey. Once broken, however, no breed of horses is more reliable or intelligent, or so susceptible to the highest training. To the newly enlisted soldier is given the well-trained horse, which in time trains and teaches the soldier, answering to the word of command in the drill, and going through its intricate evolutions with automatic precision, without the aid of spur, whip or even bridle. In this way the new soldier is taught.

'But it is another matter when new horses come to be trained in military tactics. Then the old soldier's experience is required, and it is to him that the new horse is given, to be broken to martial ways and sounds.'

When do ordinary horses reach their prime?

'Divide a man's age by three, and you will understand his comparative relation to the horse in point of attainment.'

Then a horse comes of age, so to speak, when he is seven years old, as a man does when he is twenty-one?

'Certainly, and when he is five he compares to a lad of fifteen, having had such judicious training as befits his youth. When he is three he knows as much as the boy of nine, and only so much should be expected of him. In the

proud owner's haste to show off and develop the fine points of his young horse, he overlooks the fact that his strength is being tried too early, while his bones are yet too soft for hard work.

'They should live in the open air until their dentition is complete, so as to draw from the nourishing grass and herbs, such tonic as their growing systems need, as well as to develop the full and natural play of their limbs.'

Is it not a great mistake to test the speed of a young horse too soon?

'Because a young horse can run very fast for a short distance, it does not follow he must be immediately trained to run long distances in a specified time, without suffering from it. It is to this mistake that so many fast and promising horses owe their short lives or crippled condition.'

Therefore, Count, you would say 'Make haste slowly' should be the motto of him who sees a rare promise in his pretty, playful and petted young colt?

'Unless he wants to see him condemned to earn his living on the monotonous track of the street car, or pulling about timid women and children in remote country districts, when he might have become a famous racer, surrounded by admirers and enjoying every care and attention his great money value could demand.'

## CHAPTER VIII

### IT IS THE BLOOD THAT TELLS

THE primacy of the Arabian horse has never been doubted, has it, Count, even by the most sceptical?

‘Their origin is historical from the time of Noah. Notwithstanding all the difficulties attending their purchase, they have still entered Europe and other countries as war-trophies—in a very few instances as gifts—and again many have been stolen. Few have been exchanged for money or merchandise, but all countries need the infusion of their blood to fortify and strengthen the best qualities.

‘The national horses of Austria, Hungary, France and Italy owe their foundation blood to the Arab. The famous Russian Orloffs came from the fiery desert. To go far back, the Roman racers at Ebor were Arabs. The only horses that survived the first year of the Crusades were Spanish Barbs brought by Raymond of Toulouse and his followers.’

What is a Barb?

‘The Barb is an Arab, but an Arab is not necessarily a Barb. In the early creation of the English thoroughbred it was discovered that the blood of the ‘*Eastern Horse*’ produced speed with endurance as well as beauty, which

no other type of horse had done. These so-called 'Eastern horses' were named from the countries whence they came, as the Arab, the Barb, the Turk, and the Spanish jennet, but all were included under the head of "Eastern horses."

Of course, Count, you remember the legend, that when the Saracens were driven out of Palestine by the Crusaders they crossed into the Soudan. Here they met the bold, brave, ever-unconquered tribes of the desert. It is from the Saracens that the sheiks, mounted on the 'air-drinkers'—those who drink the air in lieu of water—are supposed to have taken by force the wonderful armour, made of finest links of steel, in which they subsequently rode, and were so invincible.

'I have not forgotten it. But it was also during the Crusades that Cœur de Lion rode an Arab of Cypriot breed, "a magnificent bay," taken by stratagem from the stable of Isaac the Great, Emperor of Cyprus. Edward of England rode an Andalusian Barb, Gray Lyard, which carried him "ever charging forward" in Palestine. That stalwart warrior, the "Cid," owned a famous stallion, Bavicca, also an Andalusian Barb, and rode besides, a noted white Arab presented to him by the Sultan of Persia. By weighing the armour of this trio of warriors, now in the Tower of London, the fact is proved that these small Arabs carried 4 cwt. each.'

Yes, 'it is the blood which tells when the strain comes.' Only lately I have been interested in reading that when Sir Gerald Graham was sent at the head of six thousand men to chastise Osman Digma, the Egyptian, he did it effectually, but it was the reckless charges of the Arabs, horse and man, which helped to win the day, and so insure Osman's crushing defeat. Then, too, General





FU NURA, AN ARABIAN HORSE.

[To face page 44.



Gordon, so greatly lamented, showed that the Egyptians could not be made to face the Arabs, as two thousand of them, armed with Remingtons, were put to ignominious flight by only sixty fierce horsemen of the desert, mounted on the famous Nedj racers, 'swift as the wind and tireless as the wolf.'

'The English found the little Arabs most useful in Egypt, too, for they alone could stand the work and the long marches without water, and with scanty food, and carrying immense weights.'

It is in such emergencies that they show their perfection of physical strength, I have no doubt. They are delightful to ride, are they not?

'Anyone accustomed to riding a pure - bred Arabian will never ride any other, for there is all the difference between the ordinary English hackney and the Arab that there is between a cart without springs and a rocking-chair.

'In hunting they surpass every other breed, for they go well to hounds, are natural jumpers, bold fencers, requiring neither whip nor spur. Then they have good tempers, good mouths, easy paces, are fast walkers, trotters or runners, have undoubted soundness of wind and limb, and can travel scores of miles without fatigue.

## CHAPTER IX

### TYPES OF ARABIAN HORSES

THE type of Arabian horses is very marked, is it not, Count?

‘Ah, madam, so pure and distinct of race is the Arab, and so great his power of heredity, that however radical the cross-cut, the mint mark of the desert still remains. For instance, one proof of his unsullied descent for centuries is the characteristic spring of the tail from the crupper, and his proud way of carrying it as he moves it to and fro.

‘The progeny of Arabs once imported for breeding purposes show at once in their increased size, without any sacrifice of power and just symmetry, the advantages of generous living, of a better climate, of petted care, and of a wise indulgence in training.’

How many generations before they equal our horses in size?

‘In the course of three generations English or American bred Arabs will not lack size. While, as I have said, very few Arabs of the bluest blood ever leave Arabia, yet English pounds, and even the American dollar, backed by

the right influence, have proved that sometimes gold wins, despite the Sultan and the wily horse-copers of the desert.'

Because of their scarcity, any prejudice against them must be founded on ignorance?

'Ah, yes, ignorance is a quality which "knows it all," and to proclaim that they have deteriorated is due to the same cause. The pedigree which boasts an ancestry of great deeds and lengthy traditions, is as jealously guarded by the haughty sheiks now as in former days.'

But they *are* brought out once in a while, although the Sultan, considering he doesn't own any, has forbidden the export of the 'true air-drinker'?

'It has been always as much the result of good luck as good management when a purchase has been negotiated. In the times of Abd-el-Kadir fine stallions even were scarce in the Sahara, while to secure an Arab mare was to employ stratagem, which would be considered unworthy in any other trade than horse-dealing.'

But aside from the many fine points you have mentioned, why are they so coveted and valuable?

'Because the Arab horse is the primitive blood cause, and has successfully withstood the tests of in-breeding for many centuries. Experience for many decades has so fully justified the production of the Anglo-Arabian thoroughbred, that to reproduce it new blood must be infused, for which new importations of the Arab are necessary.'

Is the name Anglo-Arab arbitrary?

'The English discovered, some two centuries ago, that with their native horses, together with the blood of the "Eastern horses," they were creating several distinct types. Among these was the racehorse, which soon became the favourite type, and received the most attention. In due

time this creation was called the Anglo-Arab, the word Arab indicating the blood-cause. For many years this Anglo-Arab was exported to the Continent as the English thoroughbred, for to England was due this new creation. Count Orloff created the famous Russian national horse in the same way, by using Arab stallions to Anglo-Arab and Flemish mares. So France, to create her coach-horse, uses the blood of the Arab and calls it the "Franco-Arab."

'The modern racer does not show the fine points and attributes formerly seen in horses of an older date, and transmitted to them by their Arabian ancestry. The English thoroughbred has failed to hand down to his descendants the primal characteristics of the pure Arabian, because he is not really of unadulterated race. History proves that the racehorses of England are neither of Arabian blood nor yet entirely of Eastern extraction, and cannot, therefore, be entirely thoroughbred.

'To say that this term in its literal sense is somewhat misapplied may arouse a storm of indignation—but the explanation is simple. In the history of the famous English racers, Herod, Eclipse and Matchem, only one side of their ancestry is mentioned—the Godolphin Arabian—while the mares from whom they were bred were not pure Arabs. However, the perfect specimens existing to-day which boast this direct and proud pedigree have in their own persons and records justified the use of the term 'thoroughbred'—which term is now adopted and become arbitrary.'

Do horses inherit particular qualities?

'Just as in man. Many a horse proves his ancestry by what he has inherited. In studying the pedigrees of modern racehorses, one finds that each individual inherits



the flaws which are shown to have existed in his ancestor, and often, alas, a multiplication of them. This is the case with the most carefully bred. What, then, can be said of those of much mixed pedigrees, where strains are numerous and derived through inferior animals?’

And do imperfections continue to descend?

‘Inferior horses used in the stud most certainly hand down the stain immediately derived from their dam, in addition to former ones. In these later days every consideration has been sacrificed to the development of speed alone, all the science and sound principles of breeding which our ancestors established being very greatly disregarded. Since the days of King James the First the racer has been the product of careful selection for racing purposes only.’

Have the English always been celebrated for their horses?

‘It was immediately after the introduction of Eastern blood, not before, and within the last two hundred years, that the English reputation for owning and breeding fine horses began, and it was not until 1808 that the first volume of the stud-book, in which every thoroughbred horse was registered, was issued. If one should look back to the days of Queen Anne and trace the pedigrees given of some horses in her day, it will be seen that nothing but Eastern blood can be found. No better Arabians have ever appeared in England than the black and bay stallions presented by Imaun Seyeed of Muscat to His Majesty William the Fourth. These horses came from the purest strain of the desert, the Nedj. It is, however, believed they were never used as sires with thoroughbred mares, or even with an Arabian mare sent with them.’

What a royal present ! But was not this neglected opportunity much to be deplored ?

‘It was a national mistake, for the three famous English racers, Herod, Eclipse and Matchem, from whom all modern horses are descended, were only half-bred—got by Arabian sires from half-bred dams, which proves only too conclusively that the English racer is not the “true son of Arabia Deserta.” Subsequently the arrival in England of Betty Leedes and Darley Arabian, the sire and dam of Flying Childers, caused such a furore that the nobility and landed gentry vied with each other for their possession, and for years after the Yorkshire horses were considered invincible.

‘In France, the famous Percheron is the national horse, and it is one of the novel sights of Paris to see three of these magnificent white horses abreast, pulling the great “busses,” loaded with human freight, their clattering hoofs upon the pavement yielding the sound of rolling thunder.

‘The Trakener is the national horse of Poland, boasting its descent from the Arab, and distinguished as fine saddle-horses.

‘Germany has no national horse, but the military use the best from other countries, and there are some fine private studs in the neighbourhoods of Berlin and Dresden.’

## CHAPTER X

### ARABIAN HORSES IN ENGLAND

OWING to the great difficulties of purchase and importation of Arab horses, I imagine that only a few breeders can afford to be enthusiastic on the subject, even in England?

‘In England, the Prince, or rather the Princess, of Wales heads the list. It is the custom of the Sultan of Turkey to send presents of so-called Arab horses to distinguished crowned heads in Europe. A tremendous sensation was caused in Turkey and the East by the present of the famous stallion Kouch to the Princess of Wales. The Pasha who was sent over in charge of the horse, said on his arrival in England, that he had taken many beautiful horses as presents, to various crowned heads, but one of Kouch’s breed, never before. It was believed the Sultan would as soon have thought of parting with his sultanate, as with an Arab horse of this breed, and it was doubtful if he could ever get another like him. It was so unusual a gift that it was confidently asserted that the Sultan would never again be allowed to part with anything so rare and valuable.

‘But the simple reason of it was the susceptibility of the Sultan to female beauty. He was so captivated by the

Princess of Wales, when in England, that on hearing of her great passion for horses, and her great ambition to possess a beautiful Arab, he determined, on his return to Turkey, to send her the choicest animal in his stable. Of course you must understand that the Sultan had no opportunity at home of conversing with any other women than those of his own harem. And so it was that Kouch, the most beautiful horse ever seen in England, the only pure "air-drinker" in the Sultan's stables, for which he paid ten thousand guineas, entered England.'

Is he still living?

'Alas, no ! The new Master of Horse in the Imperial stables, having no liking for Arabs, in an evil moment ordered Kouch to be shot. The order was quickly carried out, much to the regret of the Prince of Wales, who had intended to present him to a gentleman owning a rare stud of Arabs in England.

'The only pure-bred son he had, Gomussa—whose dam was Noami, the only Arabian mare then in the United States—was subsequently exported to Chili. Kouch and Kismet were admitted by the *cognoscenti* to be *the horses* of this century, and now both are gone. Kismet died two hours after landing in New York, having been eighteen days at sea, and dying, no doubt, of peritonitis.

'Yes, I heard with great regret of his death, which was a severe loss to two continents. His owner, the Rev. F. F. Vidal, of Needham Market, Suffolk, England, yielded him up after the most earnest persuasions, as a loan to the Americo-Arab Company on Long Island, for two years, in order that new blood might be infused into the coming races of horses in America. Mr Vidal himself wrote me that he was actuated by a hearty sympathy in the efforts



G. H. S. A.

[To face page 52.]





of this company to found a family of Arab horses ; and that Kismet was a treasure of such inestimable value that he could never forgive himself for letting him go to his death.

Did Kismet leave no successors?

‘Mr Vidal owns a very handsome pure-bred son of Kismet, “who,” he writes, “bids fair to outrival his father in beauty, although no horse can ever do so in other qualities.” His little stud of Arabs is said to be one of the best in England.’

Who are the other owners of Arab studs in England?

‘The Hon. Miss Etheldred Dillon, who has spent year after year in India, Algiers, Turkey and Egypt, going as far into Arabia as she dared, to secure the precious sons of the desert for her stud, is also an enthusiast. Although approaching three score years, she is still a devotee of the saddle, and owns and breeds fine Arabians. Mr Wilfred Blunt and his wife, Lady Anne, granddaughter of Lord Byron, make up the trio of pioneers, so to speak, in the cause of securing Arabs for the improvement of their studs in England. Officers of the army who have had the advantages of travel and service in Egypt, India and the Crimea, and always bestrode Arabs there, have brought them out when possible. Among these is Captain W. C. Kerr, V.C., of the Royal Lancers, to whom belongs the beautiful Anglo-Arabian Khaled. Of him he says, “He is good enough to hold his own against all comers on the flat, or between the flags, to carry a first flight fourteen stone man in the shires ; would mount the Prince of Wales to perfection at the head of the Tenth, or Lady Clara Vere-de-Vere in the Row.” He owns also Speed of Thought, a dark rich chestnut without white save a star. Possessed of

superlative quality from head to heel, high couraged, full of what Americans term "vim," strong, vigorous, his bold, free and jaunty walk quite up to five miles an hour, he is ever the theme of general admiration. Across country he is as clever as a cat, will face anything, no matter how big, how yawning, and on parade bears himself bravely, as becomes his ancestry.'

And do these believe that no other than the true Arabian is of absolutely pure blood?

'This intelligent company of scientific breeders believe, after many years of experience, that the blood of the *true* Arabian must be the foundation of everything that is excellent in the various types of light horses for the turf, the field, war, pleasure or light harness. Also that each type must have recourse to a fresh infusion of the parent blood, or it will deteriorate. For many thousands of years we know certainly that his blood has been maintained unalloyed, although among a very small section of the numerous tribes that roam the desert. They prize this blood so highly that they will never cop it, and rarely part with it.'

## CHAPTER XI

### ENGLISH AND RUSSIAN HORSES

ARE there many types of English horses?

‘There are several well-established types, most valuable in their different spheres in England. The thoroughbred ranks first, and it is a mistake to suppose he is good for no other purpose than racing, but he is very costly as an all-round horse as well as a racer.

‘Among the heavy-draught horses are first the Suffolk breed of sorrel cart-horses. Second, the Lincolnshire horse, called the Shire. Third, the Clydesdale, a first cousin to the French Percheron. Of coach-horses and roadsters there are, first, the Cleveland Bay, and second, the Norfolk Roadster. Some of the ponies are very distinctive.

‘The Suffolk cart-horse is also very popular, and owes his popularity to the fact that he is founded on Arab blood. He is the grandest and by far the best heavy-draught horse in the world. As I know all breeds, I have no hesitation in placing him above them all. His gay, proud carriage, indomitable courage, gentle temper, and beautiful appear-

ance place all compeers in the showyard at a disadvantage. And I must be honest, and say that he owes all these good qualities to the large infusion of Arab blood he possesses.'

This matter of breeding must be one of very grave importance?

'Ah, madam, those who proceed on ignorant and unscientific principles, encourage largely the breeding of mongrels. Many are so prejudiced and carried away by the fashion of the day that they cannot see the harm they are doing, and they will not be warned in time.'

Have they no other Arabs in Russia than the Orloffs?

'There is a stud in Russia where the Azeel Arab has been bred for a century. It began with the purest blood attainable—most likely stolen—and the system of selection has always been carefully carried on. The object has been to produce such a race of superlative hunters, as would mount the owner of enormous estates and his huntsmen, fit to run with his noted pack of wolf-hounds. Captain Kerr writes interestingly of his visit to Russia, and of his experience with these Arab hunters and the hounds. He says, "These hounds hunt by scent as do our stag, fox-hounds and harriers. The runs are often fast, and always long. The wolf can travel both fast and far, and the Duke of Beaufort with his crack pack could make little of the gaunt, untiring wolf of Brittany. Over and over again on good, sound, wet ground I have tried to spear a wolf, but on even the fastest racehorse I could never get within striking distance. When I put on a spurt Mr Wolf would just lengthen his stride, seemingly without an effort, and

keep his carcase out of reach of my longest arm. Many of the runs when the scent was good, would mean thirty miles and more, as the crow flies, of continuous galloping. This was followed by a long weary trudge home, and it was only these Russian Arabs, so carefully and systematically trained, that could overtake the wary, cunning, and tireless wolf, and give their riders the chance for successful slaughter.'

They appreciate the Arab in India also, I have heard.

'In Bombay there is a community of merchants called "Bâtîâs," who deal mainly in shirtings. They have accumulated much wealth, and it is their particular fad to ride to and from their offices in buggies, with an Arab in the shafts. These light-handed, mild Hindoos are skilful drivers, and get far more trot out of their horses than do the Europeans. The high-knee action,<sup>1</sup> *an inheritance from coarse breeds*, is conspicuously absent in these graceful Arabs, and a good many of them pace.'

I have heard it said that 'A Spanish gipsy girl, a pure Arabian, and a game-cock are the accepted embodiments of beauty, symmetry and graceful motion.'

'Yes, that is an old saying. The pure-bred Arab of the desert is trained to be graceful. His rider needs not the bridle to guide him, but indicates his wishes by the pressure of his knees and legs. His head is not jerked, nor his mouth torn, by cruel bits, but a sign, a pressure, a whistle or a word is only necessary to

<sup>1</sup> In order to produce the high-knee action artificially, the horse is made to lift his feet over successive heaps of straw piled high, and set apart at regular distances.

establish a perfect understanding. For centuries he has been trained and broken by intelligent kindness, which his intelligent instinct fully appreciates. He regards man in the light of an intimate friend, while he acknowledges his mastery and obeys him lovingly. Well he knows him by the sound of his voice, the smell of his garments, the sight of his face. In all are they in sympathy and accord, and so nothing stands in the way of perfect temper and disposition, which the Arab horse possesses by right of a long and ancient inheritance. His thorough docility causes him to be easily trained to unaccustomed work, to a change of step, to harness rather than the saddle, and to pull rather than carry.'

You have never explained to me the different gaits of a horse.

'The gallop is the natural gait of a horse. A pacer goes first on the two legs on one side, and then the two legs on the other. This makes a very easy, rocking motion, and is natural to many horses, being generally inherited. The natural gait of the camel is to pace, and that is why it is not difficult or tiresome, to ride on an animal so awkward looking. His speedy trot is another thing.

'The simple step, or single foot, is one foot on he ground and three up. The quick trot is the same, but with such force that the body is propelled forward with one leg.'

Is trotting, then, an artificial gait?

'Emphatically so, although in some, the gait is more readily acquired than in others. Horses must always be broken to trot steadily, and it is considered the most



desirable step. To gallop or run the horse throws his forefeet forward, and propels himself with his hind feet. This is his *natural* motion, and so it is why a horse is said to “break” when he relieves himself by going from a fast trot into a gallop.’

## CHAPTER XII

### CRUELTY OF DOCKING

WILL you tell me, Count, if there be any conceivably good reason for 'docking' a horse, except as it may have captivated the fancy of horse-owners, who regard 'style' as the only requisite in their handsome turnouts?

'There is but one excuse for the cruel custom that it is possible to imagine. When a horse is fretted through constant jerking and pulling on the driving-reins, he may have acquired the habit of seeking for them with his tail. Such wonderful strength has he in that member that by holding down close what so torments him his mouth for the time being is relieved.'

Then inexperienced drivers who tug continually at the reins, and saw the mouth intolerably, sometimes teach their horses this bad habit?

'It is true. Horses are very cunning in their modes of personal defence. If one be viciously disposed, it is when his tail has secured the reins, and he can forcibly hold them down, that he may take the bit between his

teeth, and show his driver as little mercy as has been vouchsafed himself.'

Ah, yes, then he can run away or kick the carriage to pieces, or revenge himself as he pleases; but is it not the young horse who is docked before he can learn such tricks?

'A colt may show, possibly by inheritance, the disposition to be easily fretted, and then, if his master approve the cruelty, he has little chance of escaping it; but only extreme age protects a horse from being docked, if his master see fit.'

Has the custom been always fashionable, or is it not a recent fad?

'It has descended to us as a relic of barbarism, and belongs to an era far less intelligent and christianised than the present century. There was a time when the scriptural injunction, "If an eye offend thee, pluck it out," was literally followed; and when an insult was offered from man to man, it was met by a speedy and unerring sword-thrust. So when a driving horse showed a disposition to interfere with the reins by using his tail, the suggestion, "Cut it off," seemed the easiest and quickest way out of the difficulty.

'There was no plea for mercy for the noble brute, who instinctively protected his suffering mouth, and no hesitation, at committing so wicked an outrage upon him in those days, and hardly any in this enlightened age, as a drive in any of our fashionable parks will prove. There you will see that mutilation takes the place of personal beauty, and docking is, forsooth, called "style."

But tell me, Count, of what particular or important use is the horse's tail?

'When the gad-fly lights and stings, or the pump-fly—so called because, its sting once inserted, it pumps the blood and poisons it—or when any insects persistently irritate the sensitive skin, the long hairs of the tail have power to switch them off. The tail is usually long enough to reach all along the body up to the neck. About the fore-legs the horse can reach with his nose, and thus defend himself in those parts. As the point of his nose is his touch-point, and the sense of a thing is conveyed to him with it, just as we examine an object with our fingers, so is the tail important also as a part of his sign-speech.'

Please explain what you mean by his sign-speech.

'Does not the dog wag his tail to give expression to his delight? and does he not hold it down close between his legs, to show his humiliation at angry words or any form of punishment? By the same token, does the horse lift his tail proudly when in motion, and wave it to and fro like an ostrich plume when he is happy and pleased. One of the surest signs of good breeding is the spring of the tail from the crupper. Then it can give also a direct blow, blinding, disconcerting, paralysing to the too familiar, when the intelligent beast knows he need not kick in self-defence.'

Live and learn! I had never thought of all these accomplishments!

'Then when the head hangs wearily down, the tail drops also, and these are signs of great fatigue after

hard work, or a long day's toilsome journey. The merciful man notes all these familiar signs, and gives to his faithful servant the rest he needs.'

Is the operation of docking a very severe or painful one?

'To explain why it is a fearful ordeal, I must give you a short lesson as to the anatomy of the horse's tail. First, there are from fifteen to seventeen bones. There are two pairs of tendons to lift the tail up, and to draw it down, and there are two pairs of tendons to turn it sideways from left to right, and from right to left. There are strong ligaments joining the bones, and arteries, veins and nerves intertwined throughout. Covering all, with Nature's perfect finish, is the muscular tissue from which grow the long heavy hairs. Therefore, to cut through the quivering flesh, the bones and tendons and ligaments, to sever the great arteries and the smaller veins, and to expose the shrinking nerves, is not only to produce exquisite agony to the terrified, helpless being, but the operation being of so dangerous a nature, must necessarily be prolonged beyond bearing.

'Then the nerves of a horse are very sensitive. That no animal, not even man, has such an excessive development of nerves as the horse, has been proved over and over again by post-mortem examinations, betraying the closeness with which they are interlaced. With this exceedingly fine nervous constitution, are given the patience and pluck to endure longer, more severe pain than any other animal living. In comparison to his size he possesses also a very small stomach, and the power to endure longer and more tedious work.'

Then to 'ride a willing horse to death' is no unmeaning adage?

'It takes its source from the fact of the heavy burdens put upon the patient animal, from time immemorial, to satisfy his exacting and capricious master, Man.'



## CHAPTER XIII

### OPERATION OF DOCKING

HAVE you ever seen the operation of docking performed, Count?

‘Only once, and then I was called in as surgeon to save the life of the suffering victim.’

Will it be too harrowing to hear how it was done?

‘The horse was tied by the neck to a ring in the wall, as he stood in his stall, with a switch screwed as tight as possible on the end of his nose. This was in order to hold his head very high, and make him powerless. Two men held him against the wall, another cut with a pair of scissors the hair where the tail was to be severed, while a fourth attended to the roasting iron in a small furnace.’

Did not the poor dumb creature know something dreadful was about to happen?

‘Ah, if you could have seen him tremble with apprehensive fear! When all was ready, there was a sudden click of the large shears, the tail lay on the ground, and the blood spurted from the various veins, striking the wall several feet distant. Then the saucer-shaped

iron, heated to a white heat, was fitted over the bleeding wound, and held there until it was sufficiently roasted.'

And did the poor horse bear this cruelty patiently?

'He endured it bravely until the hot iron was applied, and then the dreadful heart-searching scream he gave, I shall never forget to my dying day—and I never saw him afterward without a choking sensation of tears in the remembrance.'

Do horses always survive this cruel operation?

'By no means. Many die of lockjaw, in torture so prolonged (their owners hoping that since they have money value they may recover), that both owners and operators are in dread lest the public may learn of the tortured animal's sufferings. The "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" has aided the enactment of the strictest of laws against docking, and any man permitting or performing the operation is liable to imprisonment and a heavy fine.'

It cannot be painful to bang the tail, and is infinitely prettier, is it not?

'Most decidedly. A woman does not suffer when the ends of her long hair are trimmed, and a banded tail is effective, giving the idea of neat grooming. Then the hairs can be cut quite short, as the stump of the tail is never longer than fifteen to sixteen inches, and seldom more than twelve. No idea of mutilation is suggested by banging.'

I have seen horses whose tails seem to have no natural spring.

'Yes, but they are presumably of coarse breeds. It is a natural defect, which can be remedied by cutting slightly the tendons or ligaments which hold it down, even as you would cut a child's tongue who is "tongue-tied." Then

the tail must be artificially propped, and the wound will heal quickly. But even this slight operation is dangerous to the horse, and he suffers much pain.'

Do you consider the mane also so important?

'The mane and forelock should always be cultivated, for they are a very great protection against sunstroke. To cut off the mane is, therefore, to uncover a sensitive part of the neck and head, to annihilate a beauty, and to defeat Nature's meaning in her wise bestowal of what she deems a necessity, or she would not have given it. What would you think of a little colt coming into the world with an ass's mane and a docked tail? Would you admire it?'

Well, it might bring its owner an income as one of Nature's freaks, like the double-headed calf, or the four-legged chicken, if exhibited in a menagerie. But I doubt if a horse artificially deprived would be seen in company with one ready made, so to speak, born with a banged mane and a docked tail.

'Of course, madam, you know that all accounts of the prehistoric horse, which was little larger than a sheep, prove his tail to have been prehensile. To him it was as much of an absolute necessity as it is to the monkey to-day, who finds it indispensable as a hand in climbing from bough to bough, in swinging forward to catch the swaying limb of a tree, and in all his nimble movements a wonderful means of defence, progression or escape.'

And you consider the tail of our modern horse as essential to his comfort, well-being and personal beauty, although no longer prehensile, as was that of his prehistoric ancestor?

'Undoubtedly, notwithstanding the efforts of a silly fashion to prove the contrary. It is certainly past finding

out, how any lover of the symmetrical can be approvingly silent, when he witnesses a procession of thoroughbreds shorn of this most necessary of Nature's equipments, but otherwise glorious to behold ! In the horse, Nature revels in Hogarth's line of beauty. Starting at his ears she brings her curve about his neck, gently undulating it at his shoulder and along his back, and gracefully bending it about his haunches so as to describe a profile, of which a swaying tail is an artistic necessity.'

I agree with you, for whoever saw a picture by Schreyer, or Fromentin, or De la Roche, or Rosa Bonheur, wherein these distinguished artists, who have studied and know the beauties of the animal, would consent to depict him after the performance of this brutal operation ! I am sure the question of preference can never be given to the ridiculous bobtails, who lift the abbreviated remnant of their hindquarters like a pompon, absurdly suggestive of a certain fashion in bonnets, or hold it down closely as if ashamed of it ; but to those who still possess what Nature so emphatically designed, and intended they should have.

'Ah, but it is the moneyed classes who give the cue to the horse-using world, and who find it easier to copy an inhuman abuse than to enlighten fashionable Goths.'

I have heard and read of many horse lovers in this country, who refuse to buy or own animals so shorn.

'Yes, there are breeders and buyers here who will not have a horse that is docked, and through their efforts the long-tailed saddle-horse is steadily becoming more fashionable. European governments will not buy one that has been docked for cavalry purposes, unless others cannot be obtained. It is also well known that officers are not

allowed to ride them, even if they be private property, when on military parade, and all horses on parade must have their tails of the same length.'

That is surely a step in the right direction, and ought to be encouraging to the Anglo-maniacs to abolish the abuse also in this country. Let us hope that Dame Fashion will interfere and set her arbitrary seal of disapproval on this cruel and ugly custom of equine mayhem !

## CHAPTER XIV

### THE MEXICAN BIT AND CURB

WHAT do you think of the Mexican bit, Count?

‘Ah, madam, it is a fearful piece of machinery. Just as the custom of docking descends to us from barbarous times, so is the Mexican bit a remnant of the Spanish Inquisition. It cuts without mercy or relief every part of the animal’s jaws. To place it in any horse’s mouth, whether tender or hard, and then to pull against it with the reins, is to produce a torture rivalling the thumbscrew or the rack. While these may not kill or break any bones, as we all know, they have too often made many a sufferer forswear his religion, or swear to secrets he never heard of.’

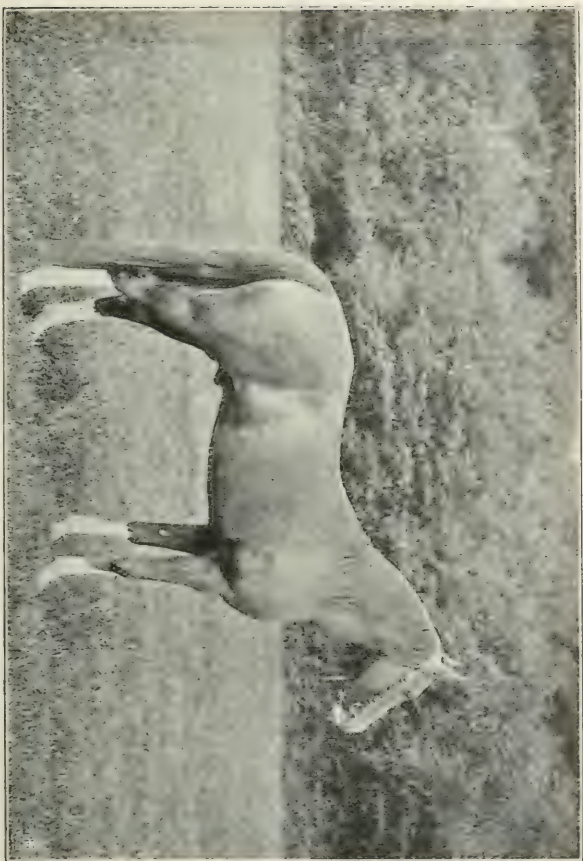
Is this bit frequently used?

‘Not nearly so much now as formerly. Possibly among the ranchers in the Far West, or among the Mexicans, whose ponies are hard to break, and whose hearts are quite indifferent to any cruelties inflicted on animals.’

Have you any knowledge or experience of these bits personally?

‘Some years ago I knew a man in Philadelphia from whose livery stable I occasionally hired horses. One day I missed from his stall a beautiful young stallion of Arab





IBU MESAUD, ARABIAN HORSE.

[To face page 70.]



descent, who always whinnied at my step, expecting his frequent caress. The man, with a sad shake of his head, told me the result of having hired him out to two young men who were very ambitious to drive him. He warned them that the horse was not thoroughly broken. "In what way?" said they. "Well, you see, he is very good under the saddle, but objects strongly to being hitched, and it isn't everybody who can manage him."

"Let us have him, and we will break him to harness for you."

"All right," said the proprietor; "he has cost me a pretty penny kicking things to pieces, but if you've a mind to try him don't forget I warned you."

"Well, we'll take him, and tame him too, but first I'll go for my Mexican bit."

'Returning shortly, he placed the bit in the young horse's mouth, and the horse was finally hitched to the buggy. As he was led out of the stable, he pranced proudly and playfully, lifting his feet daintily, and glancing from side to side, already uneasy at what seemed ever approaching his hind legs. A tug at the bit warned him to go quietly, and he proceeded, still uneasy and half scared, until the smooth country road was reached.'

Then did he run away?

'No; but he protested with his hind legs, for he had felt the insulting whip, and his mouth! The cruel two-edged sword was doing its work, cutting into his palate, his gums, his tongue. In vain he tried to run away from the agony of it, but the bit held him. He could not shake it off or ease his aching mouth. The blood flowed down in streams, until his breast and fore-legs were red and dripping. Maddened with pain and fright he went at a

furious pace for an hour or so, returning at last to his stable.'

And had the bit cured him of his youthful spirit?

'Alas, yes! He was not only completely conquered and subdued, but his jaw was rendered helpless, and his tongue so cruelly cut that he could never carry a bit again. From that time on his spirit was broken, and he was unfit either to ride or drive. So much for the Mexican bit!

'His owner could make no protest against the cruelty, and had just sold him to a breeder, who, knowing the immense value of his blood and ancestry, could make him useful in the stud.'

There can be no such objection to the curb bit?

'No, the curb bit is, on the contrary, not only useful, but essential. It is a far more merciful means of reminding a wilful horse that he is not to have his own way entirely. It does not cut and cause the mouth to bleed, but creates an ache in the jaw which few horses enjoy, and which in most cases effectually controls, while it does not injure, them. The curb is most important in riding, especially with fiery young steeds when mounted by daring women. As a general thing, women have a light touch on the reins; and one properly taught, soon learns when it is necessary to use the curb, and how much of it her horse can bear. With some horses it is dangerous even to let go the curb, while with others the snaffle or guiding-rein, only is necessary.'

Horses are very differently broken, are they not?

'While some have hard mouths, which means a greater strength of resistance in the jaw and a defiant way of showing it, others are so tender that it seems cruel to use the curb. Force and will in the rider are not to be always

foremost in guiding; but a coaxing word often makes a good understanding, and the horse is most sensitive to kindness. His ears are quick to catch a caressing sound. Few are really vicious by inclination, and it must be some remembrance of a cruelty during their early training which makes them so.'

But horses are widely different in disposition, are they not?

'They are the same as in man. Did you not read lately of a horse trampling not only his master, but his master's little son to death?'

You refer to the stableman in New York who had owned and fed the horse for four years?

'It is the same. That horse must have been a Percheron, for they are singularly revengeful, and never forget an injury.'

But what could the man have done, to provoke the horse to commit such a horrible deed?

'Some men are naturally overbearing, and take no trouble to win the affection and good-will of the animals under their charge. This man may have punished the horse unjustly, or have teased him or neglected to feed him, or have done many other things which were offences from the horse's standpoint. The Percheron is slow and sullen, and never forgives nor forgets.'

Are they not especially valuable as draught-horses?

'Immensely so. They are never speedy, but have enormous strength and endurance, being founded on Arab blood, and can pull for so many hours a day and so many miles an hour tremendous weights, and show no fatigue. The express companies own a large number of Percherons, for which they pay the stated sum of \$333.33 apiece, or \$1000 for three.

Did you ever see a horse injured by thrusting a cold metal bit in his mouth?

‘That is of too frequent occurrence for me not to have seen it, and far oftener than I like to think of.’

One cold frosty morning I heard one boy say to another, ‘I dare you to put your tongue on this iron lamp-post.’ In a twinkling the boy did it, and the skin of his tongue was left on the frozen iron. I was indignant at such an outrage, but had no time to interfere. Would a cold bit have a similar effect?

‘Certainly, madam. The horse’s tongue is equally sensitive, and a frozen bit, whether of steel or iron, has done infinite mischief to the poor animal, which mischief could never be accounted for. Many a runaway can be traced to this unthinking carelessness or ignorance.’

It should not be difficult to remedy.

‘A cold bit can be quickly warmed by thrusting it between the arm and body for a few moments, or rubbing it between the hands, or on something woollen. But to avoid the trouble permanently, through ignorant grooms, the bit in winter should be covered with leather or rubber to prevent such prolonged and intolerable suffering.

‘The tongue so injured takes a long time to heal, and is as severe and painful as a bad burn, and no horse should take the bit after such a misfortune until entirely recovered.’



## CHAPTER XV

### THE BEARING-REIN

WE have never heard your sentiments about the bearing or check-rein, Count, but from my own knowledge and limited observation, I am almost sure you do not approve of it.

‘No, madam, I cannot approve of anything which makes of a knowing horse, simply an automaton, and deprives him of a chance to exercise his natural intelligence. The bearing-rein is a near relation to the Mexican bit, although its invention may have been conceived in a spirit somewhat less cruel. It may sometimes be used, but sparingly, on a very unruly young horse, and before he is entirely broken.’

But does it not prevent any natural play of the head?

‘That seems to be the object of it, as it holds the head as if in a vice, but without it a colt, if so minded, can put his head down between his fore-legs, and thus gain such a purchase on his hind ones as will enable him to do any amount of mischief.’

I have wondered how a horse can propel himself at all, with the check-rein holding him in so unnatural an attitude, and appearing to clog any free or easy motion.

‘Ah, yes, it is as effectual in its way, as is the handcuff on the hands of a prisoner. A man cannot run far with his hands tied together, the connection between his arms and legs being such, that they unconsciously assist each other, and to tie the hands is to prevent any rapid progression.’

Then what is the check-rein good for?

‘It is supposed to produce “style” in a driving horse. That is, his head is held up at an angle to his body, at once unnatural and painful, and is kept in a position that everyone must acknowledge is stiff, artificial and ungraceful.’ Then it defeats easy locomotion, producing excessive fatigue, pain and long-suffering, through the severe strain put upon all the muscles of the body ; and the constant use of it is an unmixed evil.

‘A horse driven daily with a check-rein will in time have the tendons of his tongue paralysed. The steady pull, so fixed and constant, strains the muscles of the head and neck, and becomes unbearable in its cruel pressure against the corners of the mouth.’

Do they not get callous?

‘No, unfortunately ; the effect is to wear away the corners, little by little, until a hole is formed on each side of the mouth, from which the tongue protrudes. I have seen horses’ mouths so worn away at the corners by the constant use of the bearing-rein, that there was literally no room left in the mouth for the tongue to lie, so naturally it would hang out, first on one side and then on the other. The horse would prefer to keep his tongue in his mouth, but the tendons being paralysed and helpless, the poor creature has no volition in the matter.’

This detracts considerably from a horse’s value, does it not?

‘It cannot fail to reduce his value greatly, a hanging tongue being always so unsightly. Imagine a horse held thus firmly by the check-rein, his head high in air, his nose poking forward, his eyes covered with blinders! He must go on, although he cannot see where he is placing his feet. He lifts them high, trying to feel his way carefully; he can only turn his head when he turns his body, in obedience to a pull on the rein, while all the bones and muscles in his strong frame ache. Still, on he goes, prancing or plodding, for there is a cracking whip behind him! He is amiable. He wants to do what is required of him, and it is from this disposition that his encouragement to mend his pace or mind his ways must come—surely not from the stupid clogs that check and make unnatural his gait and thereby defeat their own intention!’

Under the guidance of the check-rein the horse must then go automatically?

‘Certainly, for nothing is left to his intelligence, and he has no more volition than a machine. If regarded as such, then is the machinist a bungler in his trade; but it must be very hard for the intelligent horse, to understand why his friendly services to man are rewarded only by pain and misapprehension.’

As one of the most sensitive and delicate of animals, he is too often the victim of the ignorant and indifferent in their love of display, and to accentuate their wealth and fashion, I imagine.

‘It is true, but those who know how to care for horses with sympathy, and an understanding of their needs and merits, cannot look with pleasure on their distress. Or, when robbed of their becoming equipments of mane and tail, they are held back to prance against the check-rein,

while being urged on by the smarting, irritating lash, all their natural aptitudes held in abeyance, in order that they may thus give a "stylish" effect on parade.'

I fancy there must be very few who have not a keen appreciation of their courage and loyalty, their beauty and sagacity, their endurance and power, their affection and forbearance, and, above all, their self-restraint under provocation.

'It may be so, but it is to wealth and fashion that we look, to promote the development of these noble animals, and to prevent their being tortured and harassed by inhuman and ignorant abuses.

## CHAPTER XVI

### BALKING OR JIBBING

THERE must be some good reason, Count, why many horses, excellent in every other respect, are so given to balking or jibbing.

‘Ah, madam, a balking horse is a difficult subject to deal with, for he represents the obstinacy of ignorance.’

In what way?

‘I have found that in almost all cases the habit comes from not seeing an object perfectly—as in man, the horse often inherits or is born with imperfect sight. Very many are near-sighted, others are far-sighted, and those with normal sight are really the exception.’

Is this simple fact usually known by horse-owners?

‘If known, much less attention is paid to it than should be. The sight of each horse should be tested, especially when they shy, swerve, scare easily, balk, or appear in any way, from no definable cause, unruly. A horse which shies at everything along the road will almost invariably be found to have short sight.’

But what will help this defect?

‘It would seem a very odd proceeding, I suppose, to

suggest eyeglasses as a remedy. Many horses, especially speedy hunters, would find such artificial assistance invaluable. So many are unfit for even ordinary work on this account, that only a visit to the optician could prove their one defect, and establish the fact that, but for it, their value need be no less than that of their more fortunate companions with normal sight.'

I have read lately that the oculists have made great strides in curing defects of vision in man without the use of glasses. Even eyes which have been dimmed from birth by malformation have had the power to see well, without glasses, restored by the best specialists. Many examples were given as evidence, that errors of refraction were daily cured by treatment, glasses being dispensed with. Dr W. H. Bates, of New York City, concludes an excellent article in the *New York Medical Journal*, after recording many cases cured of near sightedness, supposed to be irremediable, in these words: 'The vision, in many cases of myopia, can be improved very much by treatment *without* glasses, and frequently this improvement is so marked as to render glasses unnecessary.' Could this same treatment be made successful in horses?

'Certainly, diseases in man and horse are very similar, but such treatment of the eyes would be very expensive, although probably not more so, than that of many other infirmities. It might prove that the horse accused of *vices*, such as shying, balking, swerving, etc., had none such from inclination; and that the sight, being promptly cured of its defect, relieved the horse of such odium. Then if the object about which a balking horse is in alarmed doubt can be brought to him, or he can be coaxed to it, so that he can see it closely, and can investigate it with his nose, in



most cases he will be found perfectly willing to resume his journey, and will show his disgust at his own stupidity by a disdainful sniff.'

So you do not advocate force, whipping, or even coaxing?

'They have been tried too often not to produce their own moral. As I have said before, the sense of smell is more acute in the horse than any other sense. The point of his nose, being his touch-point, conveys a subtler and more exact meaning to his intelligence and reasoning powers. It demonstrates facts when scenting danger from afar, a distant object is either magnified or indistinctly seen, by his startled and imperfect eyes and quick imagination. He is satisfied of its harmlessness when brought closely enough for him to smell it. If not permitted to examine an object in his own way, he will never forget, in passing that certain locality, that something is there which puzzles and frightens him. He will manifest always the same repugnance toward it, the same disposition to shy or balk in approaching it.'

One of the most practical ways of curing a balking horse was told lately by a police-officer. It was to lift the fore-leg by the fetlock and hold it up for three minutes. On placing the foot again on the ground the horse would go on as if nothing had stopped him.

'Possibly his attention was thus distracted from what had caused his sudden disinclination to move.'

Is it not worse than stupid that the driver of a balking horse will not explain to him the alarming object, whether it be an engine or a scarecrow?

'Ah, dear madam, the horse is too often regarded as a mere machine, without common sense or even common

instinct. It is only a man of intelligence who will discover the same quality in his horse, and credit him with "horse-sense."

I notice that expression quite commonly used. What is its real meaning?

'It intends to convey the idea of ordinary intelligence, combined with quick and unerring instinct, which together prevent mistakes. Many a traveller owes his life to "horse-sense," when if left to his own he would have lost it. Afterward, with what nervous awe he has looked upon the frail and narrow bridge, spanning a rushing torrent far below, over which his faithful sure-footed beast has carried him in safety, while the thunder rolled, and the lightning flash was the only lantern to point out the dangerous path in the inky blackness of night !'

## CHAPTER XVII

### BLINKERS AND BLINDNESS

Do you advocate the use of blinkers ?

‘ Many horses are better without them, but it would be not only absurd, but dangerous, to drive all horses without blinkers. There is much to be considered in the method used in the early training of a horse ; how much intelligence his trainer possessed, and how much he gave the young colt credit for. While some are more knowing than others, all horses have a certain and intimate knowledge of their own power and its limitations, and their inductions are singularly accurate.’

Then you believe in the old saw, ‘ As the twig is bent, the tree’s inclined ?’

‘ It should never be forgotten for a moment in breaking, training and rearing young horses. They have a surprising memory, and often prove the fact, to one’s consternation. An examination by the optician to test their sight would also establish the need or abolishment of blinkers in each individual animal.’

Why do saddle-horses never wear them ?

‘ For one reason, because custom has established the

fashion. It is obvious that a horse carrying his burden can travel on as narrow a path as the rider himself, and oftentimes more surely. Riding-horses swerve and shy quite as much as carriage-horses ; but the former can be guided to a disconcerting object and so be able to investigate it, while the horse that is pulling a vehicle must be kept in the beaten road.'

Is a horse more easily managed under the saddle?

'Undoubtedly. A good rider is not so liable to accident as the driver whose horses checked, trussed and tortured by fashionable harness, have their natural action encumbered. Forced as their movements are into an artificial gait, when they become thoroughly alarmed, the ease and dash with which they can throw off all restraining bonds, prove their mighty strength, and make man feel helpless in his own inventions.'

Then it is not surprising that with blinkers, or without, they sometimes get unruly?

'They know well the power or lack of it, of the hand which guides them, and the voice which encourages them to do their best.'

Is the martingale an essential equipment in riding?

'It bears the same relation to the riding-bridle that the bearing-rein does to the harness of a horse driven. The latter holds up and back the horse's head to an unnatural position, while the martingale pulls it down, to emphasise the arch of the neck.

'I do not consider it important in the least, and there are times when the use of it is very dangerous. Riding with a party of hunters one day, we came to a fast-running stream into which one man plunged impetuously, intending his horse to swim the distance. From the horse's struggles

I realised in a moment that the martingale was not undone, and the horse's nose was below the water line. The frantic animal soon unseated his brave rider, who immediately sank before our eyes, having been kicked in the desperate effort of the poor horse to free his head. He finally found the solid ground under him, and came ashore. But his rider, one of the best horsemen I ever knew, rose to the surface a drowned man, and all our efforts to resuscitate him proved unavailing. I have never since found any use for the martingale.'

What are the principal causes of blindness, Count?

'If the nose-bone be affected by disease, the nerves of the eyes will suffer, and unless the trouble can yield to treatment, as it does in man, the horse will eventually become blind. Knocking in the head or nostrils, which some human brutes seem to think an effectual punishment, striking sharply with a whip over the ears and head, or teeth from which the enamel is broken and the nerves exposed, all sooner or later affect the eyes and sight. Pulling daily very heavy loads up-hill, and choking with tight collars, as well as the sudden passage from a dark stable to the bright sunlight or dazzling snow, help to produce blindness.'

Is it not remarkable the way in which blind horses can go about, avoiding difficulties, sliding off just in time to escape hitting their heads against a fence or stone wall?

'For this reason I would much prefer a blind horse to a lame one. Their sense of hearing is abnormally developed. They listen always to the echo of their own footsteps, which tells them how near they are to an object. Their olfactory nerves also become preternaturally sensitive, and warn them of the approach of persons or things. They

know their master by his voice, his step, his smell, his touch, quite as well as a horse that can see. Blindness seems to develop all their affectionate instincts. They particularly love their mate in the stable or in driving, doing their share of work cheerfully, depending on him only for guidance, and if separated will pine and refuse to be comforted.'

Then for all these reasons he will not deteriorate so much in value?

'His value should not be greatly lessened, as his usefulness is by no means at an end. Conscious of his deficiency, he seems always most anxious to do his best, while any natural wilfulness gives place to the most amiable desire to be led or guided, only that he may do the thing required of him. While there is nothing that more appeals to the sympathies than a blind horse, it is not on account of his helplessness so much, as because of his exceeding willingness, and the surprising cleverness of his sharpened instincts.'

## CHAPTER XVIII

### TEETH AND TOOTHACHE

Is it true, Count, that horses are great sufferers from toothache? I have read that the complaint is the real cause of many a runaway, attributed to viciousness.

‘I believe nothing can be more absurd than such a statement. Decayed teeth in a horse are most unnatural. Of course, if the horse be constantly fed on something sour, which creates fermentation, the enamel may become broken or rotted, and the nerve may in time be exposed. In this condition a frosty bit will cause exquisite pain; but toothache, as we realise it, is something unknown to a well-kept, healthy horse. Filing, cleaning, evening, and thereby spoiling the horse’s teeth, is gipsy work.’

How do you mean?

‘It is the way gipsies often take to earn a few dollars, and at the same time learn the secrets of your stable. The veterinary surgeon knows better, and nothing is gained by constantly fooling about a horse’s mouth. In Europe and in the colleges there, such things would excite much merriment and contempt—but the subject has been presented to me before in this country.’



The age of a horse is told quite distinctly by his teeth, is it not? But I have never understood just how.

‘The young horse’s teeth meet in the mouth, edge to edge, being upright. Some horses are parrot-mouthed, so that the upper teeth project somewhat, but the back ones always meet squarely. As they grow older the teeth in both jaws project more and more, making an acute angle, until, at twenty years of age, the under sides meet together.’

Ah, I see. Did you ever pull a horse’s tooth?

‘Never but once. The horse in this case had what are called *porcine* teeth ; that is, four little tusks growing at the sides of the mouth. As they were not attached to the bone, I nipped them off promptly with the forceps with little pain to the horse, who was greatly relieved to be rid of them.’

‘Once I was called to come quickly to a horse supposed to be suffering from lockjaw. After examination I could assure his anxious owner that the trouble was a very trivial one. A tooth in the upper jaw had broken off, and just opposite to it, in the lower jaw, was a tooth projecting nearly an inch above the others. When the horse closed his mouth in eating, the projecting tooth fitted nicely into the hollow of the broken tooth above, and became wedged or locked.’

The cure was very simple. I prised open his mouth with a chisel, and filed off the long tooth, so that there was no further danger of its locking—an operation which the horse seemed to understand, and bore very patiently.’

## CHAPTER XIX

### LOCKJAW

Is lockjaw a common disorder?

‘Fortunately not, being very dangerous.’

What produces it?

‘Such similar causes as produce it in man. A nail cutting a nerve in the foot, sometimes a splinter of wood, or wounds which cause great inflammation and poison the system. Unless great care be taken in “docking,” lockjaw is likely to follow the operation, and it is seldom that a horse so afflicted can recover. Many horses in being docked, die of lockjaw.’

Have you seen the late controversy about corns on horses’ feet, Count, and do you consider them curable?

‘Certainly they can be cured, if great care be taken in shoeing, for it is the shoe which produces corns. The quarter-hoof should never have a nail in it, as it is in the corners where come the bars and the crust that the corn has its beginning. A careless blacksmith will cut the bars and open the frog, and thus open the hoof, into which dirt and mud enter and find an abiding-place. That part of the shoe which goes beyond the quarter-hoof does not even pretend to fit the foot sometimes, but curves downward,

making an effectual recess between the hoof and shoe for the accumulation of dirt and even small pebbles. These foreign substances, if not at once carefully removed, will soon produce corns, which if in turn grow too high will develop quitor, which is a species of tumour. Then an operation must be made by cutting this tumour open, when suppuration will follow and the corn can be permanently removed.'

Then horses who have never worn shoes do not have corns?

'Certainly not. Corns are the inevitable result of careless shoeing. Many other evils also follow upon the indifferent, not to say cruel, handiwork of the blacksmith. I have seen the crust of a horse's foot perforated like a sponge, nail upon nail having been driven into it. Every nail more than is absolutely necessary not only helps to impede the horse's progress, but causes him often great suffering. Nobody should own a horse who cannot afford to have him properly shod, or who will permit him to wear a worn-out shoe simply because it still clings to the hoof. The lamina is exceedingly sensitive, and iron nails pressing close against it are a frequent cause of lameness. The shoe should be nailed neither too high nor too close to the heel. All owners of horses, whether for the saddle, the carriage or the plough, should look to it that no false economy—in the matter of proper shoeing and frequent renewals—should tempt them to reduce the value of their animals, as well as to cause to them great pain and suffering.'

Have you seen many horses made lame by imperfect shoeing?

It is only too common a fault. Only lately a physician

called me to look at his horse, remarking at the same time that he thought "the horse must become lame on purpose, for he couldn't discover anything the matter with him!" He said further, "The horse will go all right for ten minutes or so in the morning, and will then suddenly go lame, and continue so the rest of the day." Well, I examined the horse carefully, although my eye had lighted on the real cause at once, and I said, "Now, doctor, you are pretty wise, and know the proportions of a horse and his defects. Stand exactly in front of him and tell me if you can see nothing wrong."

"No," replied the doctor, "I'll be switched if I can, and I believe he is playing off, the rogue!"

"Will you kindly look at his shoes?"

'The doctor lifted first one hind foot and then the other. "Nothing the matter with them, Count."

"Well, go on, finish your inspection."

'He lifted one forefoot and then the other, and a sudden light began to dawn on his visage. "Ah, can it be so simple a thing?"

"It is that, and that is all," said I, and by actual measurement the corks on the shoe of one forefoot were a full inch longer than all the others, and so lifted the horse just so much more from the ground.'

You had the laugh on the doctor that time, Count.

'Yes, I had, and he went off half mad and half pleased when I told him to go home and walk around in shoes one with a heel and one without, and see how lame he'd go without trying.'

There are many different causes for lameness, of course?

'So many that it is a proof of much care that we see

so few lame horses in the street. An unprincipled stableman, knowing all the tricks of the trade, in order to spare himself a day's uncongenial labour, can quickly lame a horse without doing him more than a passing injury. These things are so common that before examining a horse just developing some trouble, I make a sort of detective's inspection of the groom, and seek to learn something of his habits, inclinations, etc. A pin in the fetlock, a hair from the tail threaded in a needle, and run through the outer and middle tendons of the front leg, and cut off close so that nothing appears, are some of the detestable tricks occasionally resorted to out of petty revenge, which I mention only as a warning to trusting owners.'

What are your notions about clipping, Count?

'Among some of the best horsemen there is a strong prejudice against clipping a horse, thus depriving him during the cold weather of the warm coat Nature provides. It would be most cruel to do this when a horse, by reason of neglect, was permitted to stand, after heating exercise, without being well blanketed.'

I suppose the argument against clipping is that it is against nature?

'Yes, that is the strongest argument, but as stabling, driving, and even domestication are all artificial conditions, it cannot well stand.'

But does he not take cold more readily without his winter's coat?

'On the contrary, a horse with a heavy coat is all the better for being clipped, and is not nearly in so much danger of taking cold. When brought in "sweating," his heavy coat will not dry out readily, and unless "worked"

an hour or so to cool him off, will chill and shiver even under the blanket, and that dread foe, pneumonia, may follow. A clipped horse is rubbed dry in a few moments, and being wrapped in his warm blanket, he is in a glow very soon. Experience proves that he eats better, feels better, will do more work cheerfully, and will even keep in better condition and sounder health on less food.'

Clipping certainly improves the appearance vastly.

'No doubt of it, giving the idea of excellent grooming and care, so immediately detected in the horse's coat, and I believe it adds greatly to his physical comfort and well-being.'

## CHAPTER XX

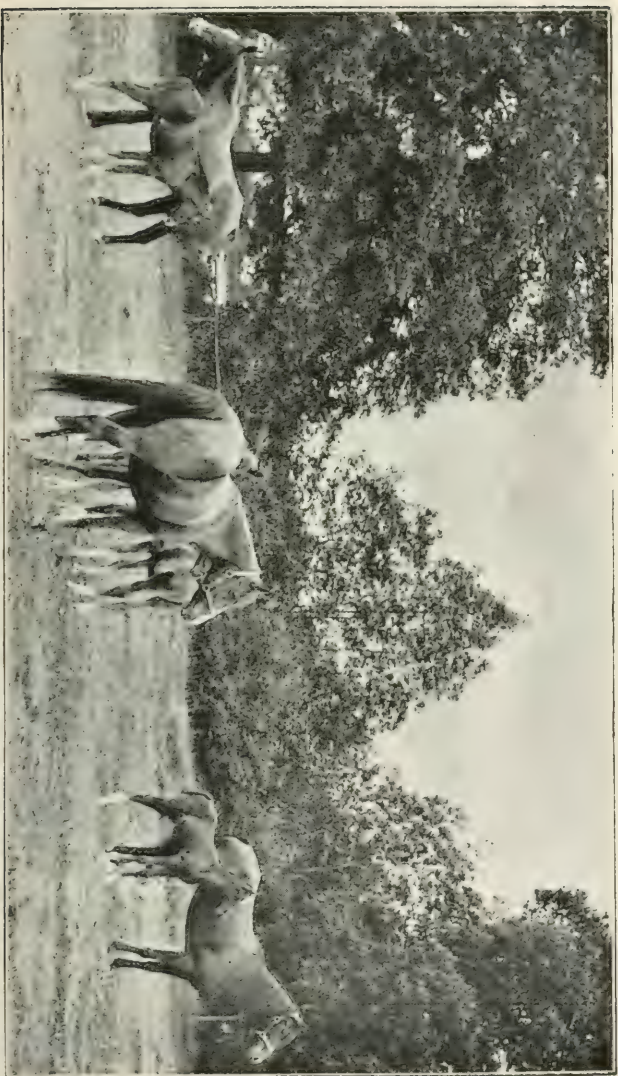
### ARAB HORSES IN SOUTH AMERICA

ARE not Arab horses a specialty of some of the South American states, Count ?

‘It is a matter of history that when Pizarro conquered Peru in the sixteenth century, he carried from Spain less than a score of Andalusian Barbs. The natives had never seen a man riding astride of an animal, and their wonder deepened into terror and dismay at the near approach of this little band of Centaurs. Seeing the four legs surmounted by a human body and head, and in their crude superstition imagining it to be some new species of avenging animal, the Inca natives fled, conquered by their fears. Amused by this easy conquest of the Lower Country, Pizarro took his army of vagabonds, gathered in Panama and amounting to about one hundred and fifty men, led by the score of mounted Barbs, to the royal city in Peru of the reigning Atahualpa. Him he took prisoner after getting possession of the city.

‘Discovering shortly Atahualpa’s hold on the affections of his people by the enormous ransom they offered for his redemption, he realised that such a prince would be a dangerous rival to his own influence, and ordered his





GROUP OF ARABIAN MARES AND FOALS.



execution. This was ostensibly for the crime of unbelief ; but it was delayed by the influence of a pious priest, who undertook to explain to the willing, helpless Pagan the doctrine of the Trinity. He was unable to comprehend it, but Pizarro promised him that he should not be burned to death, if he would give him a room full of gold. The room which Pizarro signified was filled with gold, but the poor Pagan ruler of the Incas was subsequently butchered by the treacherous Spaniard. The removal of this powerful monarch, and the settlement of Pizarro's quarrels with his partner Almagro, brought tranquillity to the conquered land, which was at once placed under colonial government, subject to the Spanish crown.

‘Stirring reports of the wonderful wealth in precious metals of this Eldorado having gone abroad, intense excitement among all classes in Spain was created, of which the immediate result was extensive emigration to the new country. Thus the city of Truxillo, named for Pizarro's birthplace in Spain, was founded in the department of Libertad. Many of this colony of Spaniards were from the families of *grandees*, and with every ship-load of emigrants, came its quota of Andalusian Barbs. These men, easily making slaves of the amiable natives, devoted themselves to agriculture, and became proprietors of vast domains. In the vicinity of Truxillo are still two haciendas devoted to the breeding of horses, in which the blood of these imported Arabs remains pure to this day. Their progeny are found all over Northern Peru, where they are greatly affected as saddle-horses by military officers, political dignitaries and gentlemen of wealth. They are never harnessed or driven.

‘One of the uses to which the Arab's grace, agility and

intelligence especially fit him, is the national bull-fight. This, in Lima, is the most perfectly-placed spectacle of its kind in the world. No cruelty is permitted there. It is worth the rider's reputation to let his horse be injured, as those ridden are the very choicest from the haciendas. They are trained to the touch of the knee, both hands of the rider being devoted to exciting the wrath of the bull. As the toreador waves his capa, which conceals from the horse the furious oncoming of the enraged brute, a pressure of the rider's knees against the sides of the perfectly-trained Arab, causes him to swerve gracefully aside, and the bull is carried on far beyond, by his own momentum. As he returns to the charge the horse again coquettes with danger, until, to the sound of the bugle, he prances out of the arena, to let a second horse and rider take his place. Should a horse be injured in this dangerous play, instead of exciting the plaudits of the audience—as in Madrid and Mexico, where the most worthless and broken-down are used, and gored to death—the rider would have to encounter the angry curses and contemptuous hisses of the multitude.

‘The matador on foot, whose duty it is to finally kill the bull by a sudden and direct plunge of his long sharp sword through the heart—thus causing him no suffering—shows wonderful courage, agility and cool self-possession. He must strike with unerring aim, or his own life will probably pay the forfeit.

‘The scene is one of exciting and pleasing interest to the audience, which may hold its breath in certain portions of it, but only as we do when our acrobats take a flying leap from the topmost height of the circus tent. The bull, having been killed instantly, is hitched to four gaily-

caparisoned white mules; and as a concluding funereal ceremony he is dragged around the vast circle of the amphitheatre, in order that every individual may get a glimpse of the creature so skilfully slain. Finally he is dragged out of the arena, through a portal under an archway, as another doomed and angry bull comes plunging in, excited and terrified by the noise of exploding bombs and rockets, the loud hurrahs and clapping of hands, and the deafening clamour of the military bands.'

There is a new idea in what you tell me, Count, in this fact, that not very far away from us, and on our own continent, are horses of the purest Arab blood, accessible and purchasable, which can be bought for a very moderate price.

'Certainly, madam, and more beautiful, and more perfectly trained, than any saddle-horse to be seen in New York City.'

Yes, I can understand that when it comes to the breaking and training of horses, we know very little about it, in comparison to those who are entirely dependent upon them in their journeyings, whose travel is all in the saddle, who know little of railroads, and almost nothing of ordinary wheeled vehicles.

## CHAPTER XXI

### ARAB HORSES IN NORTH AMERICA

SINCE all European Governments recognise the importance of Arab blood as the foundation for their national horses, has America been clever enough to take the cue from them and follow their example?

‘Until 1861, the initial year of America’s civil war, the foundation blood of her finest horses was the choicest from England’s thoroughbreds. This was always kept strongly reinforced by infusion of the blood of Arabian horses.’

And was America able to secure them, notwithstanding the many difficulties of purchase and importation?

‘An Arab stallion now and then found his way to America through the persistence of travellers in securing them, either by fair means or foul. Their coming has not only always made a sensation, but the histories of their departure and their arrival here have more or less of romance and mystery attached to them.’

There is no doubt of that. I have never heard anything about any individual Arabian horse that was not interesting, possibly because of the mystery that seemed to surround him, and the very natural wonderment and question in one’s mind as to ‘how did he ever get here?’



‘Yes, that is the first question one naturally asks; for stratagem and not strictly fair dealing, has been the means of securing most of them, except when they have been presented by the rulers of the countries whence they came.

‘The earliest mention of their importation to this country was about the year 1600. Near that time the arrival of two famous Arabians is mentioned, one called Abdallah, and the other, Lindsley’s Arabian, Ranger. These were the first known progenitors of Arab blood in this country. Several horses have been called after the first who were Abdallah in name only, and not in blood, as has been erroneously supposed.’

And what Arabians have come to us in this present century, Count?

‘As early as 1820 Charles D. Cox, United States Minister to Tunis, who married the daughter of the Bey of Tunis, was presented by the Bey with two Arab stallions, one a chestnut and the other a sorrel. They were sent over the seas in a sailing vessel, and, landing safely, were kept on a farm in Middlesex Co., New Jersey. The sorrel was the sire of the original American Star, the founder of the noted Star family, and from whom the Hambletonians derive their best qualities.’

Was not Stamboul an imported Arabian?

‘Yes, and of pure blood. Before the Minister to Turkey, Mr Rhind, left Constantinople in 1832, he sent over three Arab horses, Zilcaadi, Stamboul and Yemen. The etiquette between the two nations made it impossible for Minister Rhind to own them, and they were sold for the benefit of the United States Government. Yemen was taken to South Carolina. The Hon. Henry Clay and the Hon. Mr Berrian, then senators at Washington, were anxious to secure



this noted blood to their own State of Kentucky, and so bought Zilcaadi and Stamboul.'

It must have been their progeny, then, that have made the fame of Kentucky horses?

'Doubtless, madam, for from Zilcaadi came the famous "Gold-dust" blood of that State, while Beautiful Bells, the cherished brood-mare, owned by the late Governor Stanford of California, is a granddaughter of Stamboul on the maternal side. Then, too, the fastest colt ever bred by the late R. A. Alexander of Kentucky was from a granddaughter of Stamboul.'

Was Grand Bashaw not an Arab?

'He was a Barb, imported to Philadelphia about 1821 from Tripoli. The Logan family bred and owned young Bashaw, whose sire was Grand Bashaw, and whose dam was Fancy. She was a daughter of Pearl, who was a daughter of imported Messenger, four times inbred to Arabian blood, three times to the Arab Godolphin and once to Darley's Arabian. Messenger, therefore, was the sire of Pearl on the maternal side.

'Henry Clay was not an imported horse. He was a native born American, but was doubly interbred on both sides to Arab blood. This fact made him a phenomenal sire, and many of America's fastest trotting horses trace back their descent to old Henry Clay. The dam of Electioneer was also a Clay.'

And was not Electioneer the sire of Arion, who has lately been sold for \$125,000 to Mr Forbes of Boston as a two-year-old?

'Certainly, but the dam of Arion was three times interbred to the same blood, which is only another proof of the value of interbreeding to pure blood derived from the Arab,

the primitive. Arion is a near relation of Axtell, for both Axtell and Allerton were interbred to the same blood as Arion's.'

Is there not an interesting story connected with the rearing of Axtell?

'Ah, yes, and one which proves again the errors of mismating, and the folly of experiments when mongrel blood is used. Also it proves the fact that no *type* of horse can be created, except through Arab blood, and that all game qualities are due to that blood.

'Two gentlemen of Dubuque, Iowa, purchased mares of fashionable name to breed to the blood of certain other fashionable name in the sires. To their great disappointment the offspring proved an utter failure, and the mares were sold for a song as valueless. Mr C. N. Williams bought the two for \$225, and bred them to the same blood he believed the mares possessed—the Clay. Each in time produced a colt. One was called Axtell and the other Allerton. When Mr Williams had offered mares and colts for \$250 apiece and no purchaser was found, he concluded to train the colts himself. Both gave promise of rare speed. When Axtell beat the record at 2.12 as a three-year-old, the offer of \$105,000 was made for him by a stock company in Indiana, to which he was sold at the price offered.'

Then it is to the Arab-Clay blood predominating in Axtell which explains his phenomenal speed? And what became of Allerton?

'Mr Williams, having sold Axtell, began the training of Allerton, who proved the better horse, for, as a four-year-old, he trotted a mile in 2.10. They demonstrated the blood cause in the most satisfactory manner.'

Whence comes the Wilkes family?

‘The dam of George Wilkes was a daughter of Henry Clay, which blood made him the phenomenal sire he was. Rysdyk’s Hambletonian is credited to the Wilkes family.’

Was there not a famous Arab called Black Emperor?

‘Yes, madam. Black Emperor was a Barb, although registered in Bruce’s American thoroughbred stud-book as an Arab. He was presented to the ambassador from France in 1857 by the Sultan of Morocco. Mr Scott, an American, purchased him in Morocco from the ambassador for \$7000. He was at once shipped to England, and thence brought to America by Mr Scott, who subsequently sold him to Mr John B. Hall, of Toronto, Canada. Black Emperor left a son, whom Mr Hall presented to his son-in-law, President H. M. Claflin, of Cleveland, Ohio. This son was known as Black Emperor, Jr., a daughter of his—and granddaughter of the imported Arab, Black Emperor—made a visit not many years ago to Abdul Hamid II. of the Americo-Arab Company of Long Island. The result was the colt Fez, who was shown at the World’s Fair Exposition in Chicago, matching, if not rivalling, anything of his age there on exhibition.

‘Although the English claim that the best horses in the United States are derived mainly from English strains of blood, yet the genius of one man really developed a new animal. The man was Hiram Washington Woodruff, and the animal the trotting horse of America, which is an entirely distinct species of the equine race. The best trotters are not only descended from an imported horse named Messenger, but owe to him, as sire, their peculiar characteristics. At the time of his importation Mr George Wilkes, an eminent authority in those days, said, “When Messenger came charging down the gang-plank of the

ship which brought him over, the value of not less than one hundred millions of dollars struck our soil !' Hambletonian was the grandson of Messenger, and Dexter, of great fame, was a son of Hambletonian.

'Mr Woodruff's system of feeding was a very generous one, and the climate he considered even better than that of England.

'France, also, has a better climate than England for rearing the racehorse—being warmer and more genial—so that foals there come earlier.

'Fille de L'air, Gladiateur, Sonnette and others, prove how successful France has been in breeding fine animals—while their names are on record as having beaten the best English horses in races. Though born on French soil, it is, however, a satisfaction to Englishmen to know that they come from English stock.

## CHAPTER XXII

### SECRETARY SEWARD'S ARABS

DID not the horses brought out by William H. Seward create some sensation and controversy?

‘Undoubtedly so. Mr Seward was sent to Syria to adjust some difficulties between the two governments. The matter was finally settled in the criminal courts, and was so amicably and satisfactorily adjusted, that the Syrian government, to show its appreciation of Mr Seward’s clever diplomacy, asked him to express some wish, which it was in their power to gratify. Mr Seward, always interested in the agricultural needs of his country, especially of New York State, replied that if the Syrian government would help him to procure some pure-blooded Arabs to send home, they would not only confer upon him a personal favour, but would also benefit the United States more than in any other way. At that time there were some beautiful Arabs under the control of the Syrians. Of these the clerk of the Criminal Court selected a blood-bay stallion, eight years old, and a chestnut colt, two years old; also a white mare, who unfortunately died on the way. They arrived in 1860, the expenses of their journey amounting to \$10,000.

‘Mr Seward offered them as a gift to the New York State Agricultural Society, if the society would pay the expenses of their importation. It was a poor return for



WHITE ARAB MARE AND FOAL.





Mr Seward's generosity—even when excused by the great excitement attendant upon the breaking out of the civil war—that they refused to comply with his very just proposal. In this emergency, as he had sought, in the acceptance of the gift, to benefit his country, he presented the two-year-old colt to Mr Ezra Cornell of Ithaca, N.Y., and the stallion to Hon. John E. Van Etten of Kingston, N.Y.'

And what of their progeny?

'The stallion was known to be the sire of only two animals. One was a grey filly, bred by Judge Westbrook of Kingston, and the other a colt, bred by a nephew of Judge Sackett of Auburn, N.Y. The colt was shown as a three-year-old in the State Fair at Rochester, and won a special gold medal for being the handsomest horse on the grounds. Subsequently he was sold to Canton, Ohio, where he died leaving two fillies only. They are now owned by the Myers' stock-farm at Canton.'

What became of the chestnut?

'Ah, poor fellow, he died simply from neglect, the war just then causing such absorption of all men's thoughts, that all things else seemed of little importance. At that time many of our best and most noted trotters were always spoken of with pride as coming from Arab ancestors. Morgan was an Anglo-Arabian, and the dam of Dolly Spanker, an inbred Morgan mare, while Sherman Morgan and Buckshot were doubly inbred to Morgan. Gano was by American Eclipse, who also boasted the Arab strain. Thus it was that the Arab blood was spread throughout the United States up to 1861. It was not only known and most highly valued by intelligent breeders, but was considered absolutely essential to the making of a perfect horse.

## CHAPTER XXIII

### SELIM

ALL these imported horses that you have spoken of, Count, were presents or purchased with the consent of the 'powers that be.' In what cases was stratagem used?

'Judge Richard Jones, of Lower Merion, Montgomery Co., Penn., who had been appointed consul to Morocco from that district, was an exceptionally honest man. But much against his inclination he finally resorted to stratagem in order to secure the famous Selim. During the whole term of his consulate, about 1840 to 1845, he tried in various ways to buy this horse who had so captivated his fancy, but the Sultan forbade the sale and export, and the owner fought shy of the judge.

'He reasoned with himself a long time before he would admit the temptation which was gradually conquering him. His servant, a native, understood perfectly the struggle in his master's mind, and having become much attached to him, determined to help him.

'“You want Selim, Effendi?”

'“I do indeed, Rustam, but they won't listen to his being sold.”

'“No,” said Rustam, shaking his head, “nobody can buy

Selim, he too good horse to go away over the sea. What will the Effendi pay for Selim?"

"I will gladly give \$4000 for him, but I tell you he can't be bought."

"The Effendi is right. If the Effendi try to take Selim, wicked men kill Effendi."

"Well, I might as well give it up, Rustam, and as I sail for home in a day or two, I must go without my beauty. It is too bad!"

Rustam soliloquised: "The Effendi sail to-morrow night. No moon—all dark. Four thousand dollars!" Aloud, "Rustam very sorry, Effendi."

With a sharp look at Rustam—"Get out, you miserable tempter! I'm an honest man, and must go without Selim."

The ship still lay at anchor the next night on a dark sea, lashed to quiet by the torrents of rain that were descending. The judge paced up and down on the covered deck thinking sadly of his disappointment, and wondering what caused so unusual a commotion on the ship, when Rustam suddenly appeared before him.

"What brings you here, Rustam?" said the startled judge.

"Rustam steal Selim away! Effendi very good master! Selim here on ship, he go too."

"You rascal! Is it possible you have stolen Selim and have brought him here on board?"

With excited affirmative gesture: "Yes, yes, Effendi. Selim come with me! Nobody know where he go! Rustam take money, put in Selim's place! Gold good! Make owner rich! Buy more horse! Too late, now, Selim stay here!"

The temptation was too great for the judge, and

counting out the \$4000 in gold, he handed it to his faithful servant, knowing it would find its way to Selim's owner. Not forgetting Rustam's service, he rewarded him liberally, and bade him depart, as the ship was about to set sail.

'The judge and Selim arrived in due time and in good condition at the judge's farm. Selim's blood laid the foundation for the finest breed of horses ever raised in that country. His arrival caused a furore among the breeders, all anxious to secure his blood. Among others, Jonathan Roberts, then United States senator, bred to him, and owned several of his colts, among whom were Murad Bey and Selimair. As late as 1861, Selim was sent from Philadelphia and shown at Mineola, L.I., at the State Fair, as a "noted grey Arab stallion." He was small, grey in colour, and had all the finest points of the "true air-drinker of the desert."'

## CHAPTER XXIV

### ABDALLAH

HAS the importation of any other Arab a similar history, Count?

‘I remember talking with an old sea-captain some twenty years ago, and he related these facts: Many years before, he had been in command of a trading schooner plying between New York and Morocco. As he was about to set sail from the latter port on his return voyage, he had been very busy all day superintending the shipping of the cargo. The darkness fell early, and the night was black with threatening clouds, so that the sailors had quit work, had eaten their rations, and were about to turn in, when the ship was signalled from the shore. Soon a boat lay alongside, and a voice from it desired speech of the captain. After a few moments’ conference, he decided to go ashore. As he landed, there stood impatiently waiting a Moor. Beside him, pawing the ground and sniffing the salt air, was a horse of the most beautiful proportions, and with every mark of the finest blood. The Moor wasted no words in explanation, but requested the captain to take the horse aboard his schooner, carry him to New York,

and deliver him in safety to the person to whom he was consigned. There was no time to demur, and a good round sum in gold being counted out in payment of the horse's passage, with some difficulty the young Arabian stallion reached at last the deck of the schooner.

'The Moor then confided to the captain these facts. A very large sum of gold had been paid for the Arab, which was of Abdallah breed, with directions that he should be shipped to America. But the tribe of which he was the pride, and from which he had been purchased, finding that the owner resented their interference in his sale, appealed to the Sultan. The Sultan at once forbade the departure of the horse from the country, and the American consul's authority was also called into requisition to prevent it. While the dispute still raged, the wily Moor was flying toward the coast under cover of the darkness with the result described. The captain remembered well, being greatly impressed by it, how the Moor, to prove his horse's ancestry, had pointed out to him the marks branded with a fine needle which were written on the inside of each foreleg, thereby telling the story of his birth.'

And was he the progenitor also of a race of fine horses?

'Unfortunately, no, for he lived but a short time after reaching America.'

Then this may have been the 'Abdallah' which died on Long Island many years ago from starvation?

'It is impossible to tell, for there is much mystery, and many uncertain statements have been made about the fisherman's Arab which was allowed to starve to death on the Long Island coast. The old sea-captain believed it to be the Abdallah Arab he had brought over, as no trace of him could he find. The Abdallah had never been

broken to harness or the plough, and the fisherman into whose hands it was supposed he had fallen, vexed by his proud spirit, which could brook no such humiliating labour as was required of him, turned him out in disgust rather than be at the trouble and expense of feeding him.'

I have heard it claimed by some Long Island natives that the Abdallah who died thus was Abdallah only in name, and not in blood, although he was supposed to be the sire of Rysdyk's Hambletonian, whose dam was a Conestoga draught-mare. This horse, Abdallah, it is said, could neither trot nor run, was lazy and vicious, and the fisherman's patience coming to an end, he turned him out to find a living for himself.

'The identity of this horse has never been fully established, but it is plain to be seen that any creature turned out on the barren sands of the Long Island coast would have little chance to find a living, and must inevitably die from lack of both food and water.'



## CHAPTER XXV

### THE AMERICAN HORSE

WAS our civil war so immensely destructive of our best horses, Count?

‘Alas, yes! the war almost depleted the country of its thoroughbreds. I had not yet found a home in America, but all Europe rang with accounts of the hearty response, and self-forgetting rush to arms, which was made by men of all classes, in defence of their country and its honoured institutions.’

Ah, Count, that was but the practical expression of a noble patriotism! There are many large and generous hearts in America, and each individual man and woman longed to help, if only a little. I know that the farmers and owners of valuable breeds offered willingly to the government their most precious possessions, their horses, and begged President Lincoln to accept them. The proportion of horses to men was one hundred to one, and it seems incredible that so many should have been slain!

‘It seems so, and those offered were the best and finest in the land, and were the stallions and geldings.

The mares were left at home for the very good reason that in battle they are likely to stampede and create a panic through fright. Horses have more nerve. The beat of the drum, the call to arms, the familiar toot of the bugle and horn, and the stirring march of the regimental band are music in their ears, and an impulse to their going.'

Very true, and every soldier has something to tell of the surprising and intelligent faithfulness of his horse in battle. How many I have heard grieve over their loss or their wounds! They seemed ever bound together in a mutual love, the soldier for his horse, and the horse for his master. During the Civil War in America, General E. Burd Grubb, subsequently ambassador to Spain in 1890, rode a superb black stallion called *Malheureux* (because he was never married), which carried him safely through many a battle. The winters in camp being very severe, the general soon found that while on outpost duty the warmest place to sleep was close along the belly of his pet. As they lay together, Mal never stirred, except occasionally to lift his head gently, in order that he might get a better survey of his sleeping master. If the general chanced to be awake, 'All right, Mal,' was all he need say, and the devoted animal would suffer himself to sleep again. Mal was one of the pets of the regiment, escaping the enemy's bullets with rare good luck, and living some years after the war to a good old age—ever most tenderly cared for, and sadly regretted at his death. But pray continue.

'Up to that time the foundation blood of America's best horses was the choicest from England's thoroughbreds, which was always kept strongly reinforced by

infusion of Arabian blood. For fifty years New England had been proud of her Morgan horse created from Arab blood. New York and Long Island boasted with proper spirit of the families of Henry Clay and Andrew Jackson, while Long Island was the home of the famous Messenger of direct Arab blood, and also of Wildair, inbred to Arab blood. The latter, after importation from England, was so highly prized there that he was repurchased.'

Then it was these noted stallions who were the progenitors of the finest horses in the country, and who gave the foundation blood to all the trotting speed of which America could then boast?

'Yes, madam, but when this immense army of horses was sent to the front, the mares at home were left without mates equal to them in blood. Only the basest of stallions, in fact the commonest mongrels were left to mate with these blooded mares. As the progeny of mongrel blood does not "train on" with successive generations, the reproduction of thoroughbred horses was an impossibility. From this time dates the advent of what is known as the American horse. No heavier blow to the reputation of American horse-breeders could have fallen than this, for *it is impossible to create a type from a mongrel of any animal except a mongrel.*'

Then it is conceded, after long experiment, that no valuable type can be created, except through the infusion of pure blood?

'Yes, madam, we may say that we have an American horse with certain characteristics of much money value to his owner; but does it reproduce with *certainly* any quality that is in demand by any other

nation? Alas! it is only too well proved that the American trotting horse, bred experimentally in so many cases, does not reproduce two per cent. of trotting speed.'

But, Count, think of the magnificent trotters who beat the world! Sunol and Arion, and Axtell and Allerton!

'Yes, they have earned a wide-world fame, proving the exception to the rule. But have they not come by accident, as it were, and without any surety beforehand of their being anything phenomenal! Within the last few years only have the breeders here, with the exception of a very few scientific men, begun to realise their own ignorance and foolish mistakes in getting away from the blood cause. There is a little secret about breeding to make the produce sure which it takes the uninitiated a long time to find out, and which many American breeders have not yet discovered.'

Then those who, tired of experiments, have begun to follow out certain inevitable laws in mating, are those who have met with success?

'Yes, and proud of it they may well be! They alone have saved the vanishing reputation of the American trotter.'

Do we not export our trotting horses?

'Once in a while a phenomenal trotter with a wide reputation is sent over to the other side; but they are not exported as a type, or to take the first place in a stud of thoroughbreds, although they are universally admired.'

But not many years ago the Czar of Russia asked the late Governor Stanford for an exchange of trotting mares with his Russian Orloffs. Would not both countries be mutually benefited by such an exchange?

‘If fine trotting mares are sent from America, the Czar may after all get the best of the bargain, or, as a Russian saying goes, “He will have the hatchet, and we shall get the handle.”’

Are the Orloffs trotters?

‘Yes, madam, but their gait is very different from that of the American trotter. When the Orloff trots he leaves always a certain distance between his hind and fore-legs. The American trotter throws his hind-legs ahead of his fore-legs at every step, his hind-legs being of abnormal length. The step of the Orloff is more graceful, inherited directly from the best of the Turcoman horses.

‘In Russia, as in Arabia, are no geldings, the fiercest stallions being driven fearlessly, three abreast, at a rapid trot, and frequently on a dead run. The middle horse, with a high collar surmounting his head, usually trots; while the outside horses, with their heads turned to the right and left, away from him, gallop. Harnessed thus to the troika (or sleigh), one beholds the national equipage. The horses are exceptionally handsome, tall, with long legs and slender bodies. The habit of turning the head to one side becomes so pronounced that it is never cured, even when a second horse is attached to one in single harness—the second horse being ‘hitched on at the side, in case of necessity.

The Russian government sent to the World’s Fair at Chicago an exhibit of Orloff and Russian Arab horses which was considered by the judges to be by far the best and most remarkable there. The Russian Arab is almost a pure Arab, the famous Orloff horse being founded upon Arabian stock, and reinvigorated every twenty-five years by a fresh infusion of the supreme blood cause.

## CHAPTER XXVI

### STANDARD-BRED HORSES

DOES not America export other animals than horses?

‘Yes, certainly. Bullocks for slaughter are sent over in great herds, while Chicago exports enormous quantities of prepared meats to all parts of Europe. Still, with all the vast and unparalleled facilities for growing live stock in this great country—which it is estimated can be done ninety per cent. cheaper than any country in Europe—America exports few animals except as they go to be butchered. If you will read the statistics, you will see that it is by the continued *annual* importation of breeding stock from England and Scotland that the cattle in the vast plains of the West do not deteriorate. Is it to the credit of this continent, with its enormous grazing lands, its fertile valleys, its unlimited supply of fresh spring water, its spreading shade trees, its beneficent if changeable climate, that America imports in almost all cases her thoroughbred animals, instead of mating properly and breeding intelligently, and so creating types of her own? It is true that horses are now being exported in great numbers, but they are sold at prices in most cases far below their value. The trolleys and electric tramcars have lessened



their value in the United States to such an extent that the supply far exceeds the demand.'

Then it is not a fable that we pay from five to seven millions of dollars annually to England and France for the importation of brood-stock?

'Yes, those are the figures. The types are destroyed at once by crossing, and dealers in Europe profit by this continual mistake—the destruction of the types—and are naturally not averse to its encouragement so long as their animals continue in demand. As soon as the various types of English horses are brought over, they are mongrelised by constant crossings, and thus the types cannot be sustained.'

But is there no fixed type?

'There is the "Standard-bred," but the term is entirely arbitrary, and means that the only excellence in the horse to be considered necessary is *speed* at an established rate. If he can trot a mile in 2.30, he is entitled to be considered "Standard-bred;" or if, having been gambled in races, he has beaten some other horse, he may aspire to the dubious distinction. The term describes no type, belongs to no family, it can prove no ancestry, and is, at best, only a convenient term adopted for want of a better, and to cover possibly many difficulties.'

But is not the light harness horse of America a type? It has a great many admirers.

'When carefully bred from thoroughbred sires and dams, their blood-lines are distinctive. They again prove the blood cause, and for general worth and utility have few rivals. When properly broken and trained, they undoubtedly make fine and valuable specimens of equine beauty, and are deservedly admired.'



In travelling through Europe, I have been repeatedly asked if America can really claim a *national* horse. For it is argued that the trotter, which belongs distinctively to America, cannot be called a *breed*, since it is his peculiar education alone which makes him a trotter. I know that it is a continual and well-known source of grief and disappointment to breeders that there is *no certainty* of producing a 'trotter' from parents of distinguished talents and records as trotters.

'Ah, yes, there is a national horse in America. The one indigenous to the country is the broncho or mustang, or wild horse of Texas. Sad to relate, however, they are said to have become a nuisance and a perfect terror to ranchmen: When thoroughly broken and trained, only the Arab can rival them in endurance and capacity for steady speed or work. But in their wild state they love their freedom so dearly, and are so cunning in their methods, that they never fail to inspire a similar longing for independence in their bridled and conquered "sisters and cousins and aunts." With marvellous intelligence the mustangs prepare the way for a stampede, and swooping down upon the enclosure of the ranchmen, persuade the ponies to brave the certain dangers of jumping a barbed wire fence, and thus clearing the corral. They have become the despair of the Texas ranchmen, for, although years ago it paid to catch and tame them, now it is said to be almost impossible to sell a mustang for use, even as a cow pony.

## CHAPTER XXVII

### GENERAL GRANT'S HORSES

I HAVE understood that Governor Stanford believed with Mr Bonner that thoroughbred blood in the trotter is the essential which makes and breaks records ; that cold blood has not the staying quality of thoroughbred blood, and that an infusion of it is necessary to give suppleness to the knee joints, as well as many other qualities which are desirable.

‘Governor Stanford has been highly successful with the scientifically bred and carefully reared members of his stud. It is said that California, particularly that part of it subject to the invigorating coast winds, is destined to become the horse-breeding district of the nation. That in California, with its twelve months’ freedom from such inclement weather that horses need not be closely stabled, not losing, as they do elsewhere, four or five months of fresh air and regular exercise, all the equine aristocracy of America will be found sooner or later.’

Did Governor Stanford, Mr Bonner, and others breed only trotting horses ?

‘Undoubtedly the horse most in popular favour in the United States is the trotting horse. If he can trot in 2.30 so much the better, for then he is sure to have undisputed

sway as a racehorse, especially in the small Western towns. Here and there I have discovered a horse with excellent blood-lines in the most obscure places. Only the other day, in this almost deserted village, I was attracted by the step and air of a little black mare pulling a butcher's cart. Falling into conversation with her owner, the butcher, I took a quick mental survey of the mare, and was convinced that she only needed proper training to do a day's work at fast trotting, which means one hundred miles in twelve consecutive hours.'

Have you ever known a horse to make such time as that?

'Yes, I knew of one who had no special record who travelled one hundred miles in ten hours and forty-five minutes. That is where the Arab will always win over the English thoroughbred. The latter may outrun the Arab in the races for which he has been trained, but when the thoroughbred begins to show signs of fatigue the Arab is just "getting down" to work.'

Have many Arabian horses come to us since the close of the war?

'You have heard, of course, of Leopard and Linden Tree, presented to General Grant by Abdul Hamid, the Sultan of Turkey? No American was more fully alive to the fact of the sad reduction in numbers and quality of American horses during the war, and no man ever lived who more dearly loved a good horse than General Grant. His acceptance of the Arabs was in a great measure influenced by their special worth in the stud, realising that the race in America must be rebuilt.'

Did you not say there was some doubt about General Grant's horses being the true-bred sons of the desert?

‘There has often been such a doubt expressed.’

Possibly General Grant’s letter to Mr Huntington on the subject may convince the unbelieving, and I am glad to be able to show it to you.

Did he ever drive these horses ?

‘They were possibly not broken to harness, but if so, he denied himself a great pleasure, and the immediate disposal of Leopard to General Beale, and of Linden to his son, showed his interest and confidence in the infusion of Arab blood. He hoped that from them a new and better type of horse might be created. They were then the only Arab stallions in America, it is said, and their progeny are a most distinctive and superior type.’

Have you seen any of the direct progeny of General Grant’s Arabs, Count ?

‘Abdul Hamid II., a golden sorrel, and Abdul Hamid III., a bay, are a son and grandson of Leopard. Although Leopard and Linden are greys, strange to say none of their progeny are grey. Abdul Hamid III. was from an own sister to the dam of his sire, Abdul Hamid II. Both these stallions are much larger than their sire and grandsire, Leopard. Their dams were Mary and Topsy Shepard, by Jack Shepard, a son of Henry Clay, from a granddaughter of imported Messenger. The heads of this Leopard family are uniformly fine and clean, with straight faces. Their limbs show their good blood, and their hocks are clean, as if chiselled from marble. They show fine trotting action, all to the credit of their sire, Leopard.’

Was Linden’s produce there also ?

‘Hegira, by Linden, was from a daughter of Henry Clay. This horse stands fifteen and one-half hands high barefoot, and is a rich, dapple coal-black. Linden was purchased



Worcester, Lincoln  
at my son's - P. A. Booth.  
- farm, near Salen  
Center, Worcester Co.  
Mass.

The fact of their  
"knowing" from the  
"British", our private  
stable, and I think a  
perpetual from their  
"as an appreciation of  
our country among the  
nobles of the earth."  
The first part of their  
private of the "British" and I think  
the fact of their  
knowing of the "British" and I think  
the fact of their  
knowing of the "British" and I think

Very Truly,  
July 28th 1882.

Dear Sir:  
I am just in receipt  
of your letter of the 26th  
making certain inquiries  
about my American horse.  
I can not answer all  
your questions, but what  
I know - I will give you.  
I was in Philadelphia  
in March 1878 and I visit  
the Sultan and I his stable.  
All his horses are of the

most splendid and pure  
boat. I was told that the  
passengers of all of them  
there was about seventy  
women in the whole. I  
visited - saw boat from  
five to seven hundred  
young ones of the house  
that I then saw were  
sent to me as a present  
from the Sultan by the  
first steamer coming  
directly to the United  
States from that port.

I do not know the steam  
nor the date of its departure  
or arrival. The <sup>the house</sup> were owing  
to him C. F. B. of Kentucky  
lig. - who are probably  
inform you on their first  
trip. I was five years old  
when I first saw him  
and "Larkin" from I think  
I am certain as to the  
of the first and think  
I am right as to the  
understand. I heard of him  
left with him. But probably





by Abdul Hamid II., Sultan of Turkey, from an Egyptian merchant. It is said that all of the Sultan's Arabs are either seized by his tax-gatherers or purchased by their agents. Hegira, by Linden, represents entirely different blood, from the get by Leopard. The head is shorter, finer in the muzzle, deeper and broader between jowls, dished in the face, with great breadth between the eyes. The ears are shorter and finer, the rump more sloping, showing all the characteristics of the pure Barb, a special family descending from the Numidian horse, also an Arab.

'Euphrates, a son of Hegira, from Mary Shepard, is the counterpart of his sire in build and colour; but is phenomenal in that even at a walk he takes the pacing step. This inclination to pace is shown in all the get of Hegira, although he is a square-gaited trotter; and from the beginning of these special breedings no horse or mare was ever known to pace until Euphrates set the fashion.

'The sire of Clay Truth, a game and resolute trotter with a delightful disposition, was Ashland, by Henry Clay. His dam was interbred to the blood of Justin Morgan, the Arab founder of the Morgan family.

'A horse showing fine trotting speed is Young Jack Shepard, by Jack Shepard, by Henry Clay, and from Kate M'Pherson, by Henry Clay. He is a beautiful dapple grey.'

Where was Henry Clay born?

'He was born on Long Island. The only daughter of Henry Clay now living is not too old to produce; while the interbred sons and daughters have come back to Long Island to restore to her the prestige she lost when all the blood of Andrew Jackson (the Anglo-Arab bred sire of Henry Clay) was sold away from it.'

## CHAPTER XXVIII

### MORE ABOUT THE ARAB HORSE

HAVE you seen the Arab mare Naomi, sent over from England by Mr Vidal some years ago, said to be the only mare ever imported to the United States—no record of any other having at that time been found?

‘Yes, I have seen her, and her arrival was a happy event. However, there are now three gentlemen in the United States possessed of mares and stallions of pure Arab blood. As scientific breeders, they believe it is necessary to elevate the blood-standard in America. They are convinced that the Arab horse is primitive and perfect, and reproduces himself with all mental and physical perfection; that all the values in the horse, whether to trot, pace or run, come from the Arab, and that all good qualities are greater or less, according to the amount of pure Arab blood. Crossings are but the dilution of blood cause. They realise the necessity of having more pure Arab blood, especially in the female line, that a promiscuous use of it is not satisfactory, and that an affinity blood is essential. They know that the Arabian is the only strictly true and pure bred horse in the world, and that every good quality—speed, endurance, soundness of constitution and beauty of form



NAIR, GRANDSIRE OF NAOMI.

[To face page 128.



—found in any breed of horses, is originally derived from the Arabian, which can justly claim a wealth of pure lineage.

‘The Arab of pure blood is a horse, as he came from Nature’s hand—all other breeds being the result of human ingenuity. Naturally he is speedy, and it is from him that all speed has its origin. It is constantly argued that he cannot hold his own on the flat with the English thoroughbred, nor can he trot a mile with his American descendants. But it must be remembered, that in his native desert he is not carefully bred for speed in any particular gait, or to run or trot in races, and so may not compete on equal terms with those, whose powers and speed in special directions have been sedulously developed, for many generations. Therefore, to make sure of breeding a pure type, capable of the highest accomplishments, that shall *with certainty* reproduce itself in any country, and to perpetuate it until it shall be known, recognised, approved and earnestly sought for, by every other nation as the “*American horse*,” these three gentlemen are convinced that they are doing the only wise thing in importing pure bred Arabs.

‘Naomi was the first mare imported in 1888, and there is no doubt whatever of the purity of her blood.’

Who brought her from Arabia?

‘The late Captain Roger Upton, of the English army, who lived frequently among the Arabs, and was an enthusiast about pure horses, himself purchased both her parents at great cost from the Gomussa tribe in the Euphrates valley. Naomi was foaled a few days after their arrival in England. Her sire was Yataghen, 14.3, and her dam Haidee, also 14.3. Both these were Maneghi, considered in the desert the choicest of all families. They have, as a rule, finer action, and, if

possible, a greater amount of wear and tear in them. On the other hand, they are a little larger and coarser in the head sometimes than, for instance, the Seglawi Jedran. An alliance between the last-named family and the Maneghi is simply perfect so far as blood goes. Owing to the system of Naomi's rearing, she is the largest pure Arabian I have seen, being fifteen and one-half hands high.'

English breeders did not relish the idea of her being sent here, I've heard?

'No, but her owner, the Rev. F. F. Vidal, of Suffolk County, England, was so interested in the efforts in America to breed pure Arabs that he at last listened to the petitions for her, and sent her over. Her colt, Gomussa, now in Chili, was by Kouch. All racehorse-men in America, as well as England, know that the opinion of the celebrated jockey, Fred Archer, was of great value. He rode Kismet in his English races, and pronounced him the gamest horse, and best finisher of a race, he had ever ridden.'

What get has Naomi here?

'Since coming to this country she has produced the beautiful colt Anazeh—now two years old—by General Grant's Leopard. This gives Anazeh the distinction of being the first pure bred Arabian horse born in the United States, both sire and dam being imported as the true "air-drinkers of the desert." In 1890, the dainty filly Ruth Clay was born, whose sire is Jack Shepard. Ruth Clay roams with her mother, Naomi, without bridle or halter, as tame as any dog, about the unfenced grounds surrounding her master's house. They both expect caresses, and come for them with a little air of curiosity toward a



stranger that partakes, not in the least, of fear. Naomi has all the dignity of aristocratic birth and associations, walking up to you as sedately as you please, to have her pretty face stroked. When a lump of sugar is not in evidence, Ruth pokes her dainty muzzle about her mistress' skirts to find her pocket, and the sugar dropped within it. She is playful, alert, coquettish and full of mischievous pranks, and, like her dam, bids fair to remind one of the quotation, "In her, strength and beauty have come together," and all the pride of all her race in herself reflected lives.'

## CHAPTER XXIX

### AMERICANS AND THEIR HORSES

IN all my conversations with the Count, little has been said about the inevitable effects of climate, on all races of men and animals. It is so interesting a study, that many chapters might be needed to do justice to the subject. A few words now regarding it may not be amiss.

That climate makes and unmakes different types of races in man is a conceded fact, even to a complete change of form and feature. The dark, glowing eyes of the fervid South, after two or three generations, become blue or grey with softer lights, when transplanted to the North, and the hair, black as night, turns to tender brown or shining gold. Owing to the different conditions of climate, another type is being evolved, and even the nature and disposition are undergoing a radical change.

In England, the moist and mild-tempered climate tends to round out the form, and to give a reddish glow to the face. To expect the same type in France, only across the Channel, would be absurd, or to mistake an Italian for a German, would be laughable. The climate in these countries is pronounced, and so are the types. With

our entirely uncertain climate, who can be sure of any distinct type in America? We have our class distinctions, our various social levels, our families, proud of their American ancestry; and to serve us all, we import from every country under the sun. We are always importing distinct types of live stock, both of man and beast, and our importations 'come to stay.' But even after many years—beyond the '*je ne sais quoi*,' which betrays our nationality—who can assert that America has a type? Do we owe this fact to our ever-changing climate, which woos us with coquettish smile, caressing our expectant cheeks with balmy breezes from the sunny South, and embracing us in a loving generous warmth one day, and the next, with blackest frowns pelts us unmercifully with wind and storm, hail and rain, with terrifying thunder which roars at us, and angry lightning which strikes and blinds and destroys us? With nothing positive in the way of climate, our differing types have no chance to become fixed, and the student who loves to arrange and classify, will yield the attempt in despair.

When we import a horse of whatever type, after two or three generations his progeny loses his distinctive marks, and in two or three more, the climate has obliterated any that might be left. Some three hundred years ago, when the Spanish horses entered America, some of them escaped to the great plains of the West. From them has been evolved the native horse of America, the broncho. The conditions of climate have made him what he is, strong, rough and hardy, able to exist on the scantiest of food in the severest weather. He would probably turn up his nose at a 'warm mash,' thinking it 'food for babes,' and would no doubt resent a daily grooming, as an unwarranted liberty.

He remains a savage, and as a savage cannot always be trusted. But when he is caught and fairly tamed, he can do more hard, steady work in a day, than the pampered, petted, stabled horse of the East, could do in three. This broncho is our national type, evolved by the climate of the plains, and in direct contrast to the tame, gentle and affectionate Arab, reared in the wilds of the scorching, unprotected desert. Small in size, they are both hardy, enduring, and able to travel great distances without fatigue, and here the two extremes of climate seem to develop similar characteristics of endurance. When we can control our climate we may be able to develop fixed types; but until then, it must be our excuse that something different from what we so often expect, appears.

The shrewdest and most thoughtful observers and students of animal life are frequently those, who give not to the doubting world the benefit of their wisdom and experience. Too often they are misunderstood, and any facts that seem strange and new, and yet are as old as the memory of man, are received with doubt, contempt and ridicule. In a way we Americans are a self-satisfied, self-sufficient people, proclaiming our patriotic love for our newly-founded institutions, by ignoring the wisdom gained in the Old World through centuries of practical experience. Many things that we have never thought about at all, or that are just beginning to present themselves to our intelligence, have occupied the close attention of foreign governments for hundreds of years. Facts are stubborn things, and cannot be obliterated by any amount of denial or argument. The Austrian, French, Russian, Italian and other European governments have studied deeply the blood cause in horses, and having a wide and comprehensive

faith in their own methods, naturally look with disdain upon ignorant and unscientific breeders.

The English have admired always what is *not* English, with a 'saving clause,' and when the American colonists, more than a century ago, asked for their freedom from English rule, it was refused with the intimation that they were not capable of self-government. This sneer lost John Bull his colonies, and America then and there declared her independence to act as she pleased. She has done so ever since, not always admitting that in some things other nations might be wiser. But to-day in matters of science, she recognises the imperative necessity of a training that educates, compares, observes closely, avoids serious mistakes, and produces the inevitable consequences, desired or intended. It is one of the blessed results of our swift trans-Atlantic journeys, encouraging constant travel and communication with foreign countries, that the wise of our day and generation have been enabled to gather and enjoy the various fruits of scientific research, ripe with age, to be found in the cultivated gardens of Europe's colleges.

The recent establishment in the United States of veterinary schools, is a growth commensurate with the more advanced ideas, not only of men of science, but of such interested owners of blooded stock as desire to perpetuate the best types, and who are willing to experiment only in the right direction. Only a few years ago the 'vet' in America was the stableman, practised only in his daily care of, and experience with, horses, and seeking to relieve their distress through his very love of them. To-day a thorough course of study and practical training is deemed essential to secure a graduate's diploma in any

veterinary college. *The American Veterinary Review*, issued monthly, edited by Prof. A. Liautard, M.D., V.M., Honorary Fellow of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, England, and the valuable works of Dr James Law of Cornell University, Prof. O. Schwartzkopff, V.M., of the University of Minnesota, Prof. Wm. Zuill, M.D., D.V.S., of the University of Pennsylvania, Dr Hoskins and Dr Williams of New York, Dr Huidekoper of Philadelphia, Dr D. E. Salmon of the U.S. Department of Agriculture, and others, tell of the great strides in practical scientific knowledge, students are making in America.

To seize an idea quickly and improve it to perfection is a national trait—a matter of chronic surprise and wonderment, to those who know only the method which grinds and plods, to arrive at certain truths only after the most exhausting labour.

If our experiments are somewhat bold, we are sure they will be tempered with humane treatment, and that we shall never imitate the dreadful abuses one sometimes reads of in the foreign news, to which science in many cases condemns its victims, the wretched dumb creatures selected for experiment.

Our societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals, presided over by such men as George Angell of Boston, and John P. Haines of New York, are ever on the alert to enforce kindest consideration for all that need their protection, while cruelties are punished with all the rigours of the law. The workers are in earnest. Abuses are being corrected. The abolishment of the check-rein in many of the smartest turnouts on our fashionable drives, proves the significance of 'Black Beauty's' horse-sense, and how deeply it has sunk into the minds and natures of the



hitherto unthinking. That they follow the example set by the Queen of England, who permits no check-reins, does not detract from the courage of refusing here, to follow a fashionable fad.

All domesticated animals crave a perfect sympathy with their masters, and ask in their mute way for some constant expression of it. What lover can exhibit a more genuine jealousy than a devoted dog, or show the symptoms of that unhappy trait more determinedly? What a tragical grief is that which can make a dog or horse refuse his food, and thus die of starvation, for the loss of his companion for whom he had such enduring love? Such instances are numerous. Horses are never so willing as when they feel the magnetic influence of the hand that guides, and the voice that cheers them on! So intense is this sympathy that they become easy subjects of hypnotisation. The practice of this mysterious science was introduced into the Austrian army by a cavalry officer named Balassa, and hence is called 'Balassiren.' So popular has it become in cases of any painful operation, that it has been adopted by law in Austria.

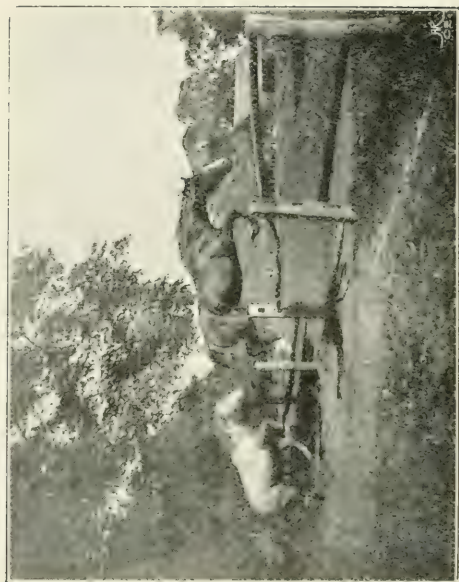




## PART II







ARAB MARES IN THE ACT OF JUMPING,  
At Arab Stud Farm, Needham Market,

*[To face page 121.]*

## CHAPTER I

### WHICH TELLS WHY THERE IS A SECOND PART

WHEN I came to England more than a year ago, I brought with me a single copy of the foregoing little book, which had been published in America in 1892.

It found its way among the few friends I had here, who read it, and one and all declared themselves pleased with its contents. They urged me to have it republished in England, adding that nowhere in the world could be found such enthusiastic lovers of horses, as throughout the United Kingdom. They also agreed in saying that the book was quite unique in its way, and that the style in which it was written made the subject-matter more interesting reading, than when conveyed in a merely statistical form.

On that account, they thought it more likely to find its way to the notice of the general public, the information in it being of a practical nature, easily understood by readers of light literature—who know little of horses and their importance to us—as well as to accomplished horsemen.

So, with a willing ear, I listened to their kind encomiums, and followed their advice. With all its faults *en evidence* I

sent it to my publisher, and from him at once received some valuable suggestions.

He convinced me that it would never do to bring out a book on horses in England, without saying something—a good deal, in fact—about the famous English favourites, so dear to the heart and pride of every true Englishman, and often so closely allied with his pockets, and involved with his pursestrings. I realised the importance of what he said, and, armed with a letter of introduction, I hied me to the British Museum, and presenting my letter to Mr Garnett, was received by him with charming courtesy. He instructed me so kindly, as to the methods employed in finding the necessary books of reference for my use, that it was all made very easy for me.

In the grateful quiet and studious hush of that most delightful reading-room—the like of which is unknown in all the world beside—not even a muffled suggestion of noise, reaching it, from the roar of the London streets, the shrill cries of the hawkers, and the maddening clinkety-clank of the ubiquitous organ-grinder, I sat and read and wrote.

Never before had I imagined such a wealth of horse-lore literature! It was truly an '*embarras des richesses*,' as by the thoughtful suggestions of the courteous assistants in the reading-room, my desk was heaped with great tomes. So full were they of wonderful knowledge and information, and of statements conflicting and contradictory (do any two men ever *quite* agree about horses?), that when I had recovered from the sense of being merely a *crushed atom* under this overwhelming mass of matter, and could bring myself to realise that an attack *must* begin somewhere, I happily opened *Rice's History of the British Turf*, and



from his valuable work made such extracts, as enabled me to write a condensed history of English horses up to 1879.

Major Roger D. Upton's *Travels in Arabia* certified and established the truth of what the Count had told me, in most respects. Greatly to my satisfaction, it is all told in plain English, most interestingly and delightfully written—for sometimes, I will admit, there was a struggle between my ears and my understanding, to catch the exact meaning of the Count's English.

In being obliged to quote so largely from other writers, it is quite impossible to appear in any sense original. But the end must justify the means, when it is to great travellers and profound students that we owe certain information. And here I beg their indulgence for having quoted exactly and sometimes largely, but in sincerest admiration of both ideas and language.

To Mr Vidal's most kindly interest I am not only indebted for many 'points' in this 'second part,' but also to his thoughtfulness in furnishing me with several interesting photographs of his exquisite Arabs.

The horses shown me at Newbuildings and Crabbett Park by Lady Anne Blunt are wonderfully beautiful, and perfect specimens of the native Arab, and among them I noticed especially three mares with their baby foals beside them, Nefisa, Bint Nura and Jerud, also Mesaoud, a superb stallion, whose dam was brought from Arabia to Egypt by Abbas Pasha, the Viceroy of Egypt.

The few hours I passed with her were most interesting. So enthusiastically devoted are both Lady Anne and Mr Blunt to the breeding of the true Arab horse, that they now own a house in the desert near Cairo, and pass their

winters in making selections of horses from the various tribes. The annual sale of Arabian horses at Crabbett Park, in Sussex, in the late spring or early summer, is one of the fashionable functions of the season.

My visit to Mr John Porter is related elsewhere, and to him I am indebted for much information, as well as to the chapter on training.

And so I now present the second part of *My Horse ; My Love* to English readers, trusting to their indulgence for the whole, and earnestly hoping that the first part may be of sufficient interest, to impel them through to the last chapter.

## CHAPTER II

### EARLY HISTORY OF HORSE CULTIVATION IN ENGLAND

ALTHOUGH it is said that 'horses existed in England before histories,' yet the horse was not indigenous to Great Britain, but was first brought over from France. As early as the ninth century, when Hugh Capet was a suitor for the hand of the sister of Athelston, he sent over to that prince, as a present, several running horses, caparisoned with saddles and bridles richly ornamented with gold. That horse-races were run in the Middle Ages an old black letter pamphlet gives an interesting proof. It mentions Whitsuntide as the popular season, and says,—

‘Whiche horse that best may ren,  
Three miles the cours was then,  
Who that might ryde him shoulde  
Have forty pounds of redy gold.’

Henry the Eighth was an accomplished rider, and a great admirer of good horsemanship. It is said that Cardinal Wolsey secured the royal favour, through having ridden, very rapidly, a long distance, when he was carrying an important message to the king. In his time the native breed of horses had developed into various species for a variety of uses. There were ‘gentill horses or chargers, palfreys, hobys, clothseks (used for carrying the cloth-bag), chariot horses, curtals, trotting horses, gambaldynge horses and amblynge horses.’

No true impetus was given to scientific breeding, however, until James the First, whose penchant for sport was well known. With his reign, horse-racing as a pastime and public sport, may be said to have been inaugurated. In order to improve horse-breeding, this king gave £154 (a very large sum of money for that time—1616) for Markham Arabian, a pure bred son of the desert, and subsequently called the ‘Equine Father of the Turf.’ This laudable attempt on the part of the king, was ultimately crowned with success—the superior get of horses suggesting that popular sport, racing, which ever since has been dear to the heart of every native-born Englishman.

Races at that time were not of annual recurrence, or at any stated dates, but an irregular kind of amusement, the matches being made between animals belonging to noblemen and gentlemen. The courses were any stretch of turf that served, without starting or winning-posts. No jockeys or grooms were required for riding ; weighing was an unheard-of necessity ; and there was no element of gain unless a small prize.

Horses that had won the prizes became famous, and their pedigree was highly valued. Although the methods were still crude, and unlike those of the present day, yet even then races were governed by rules rigidly enforced. By the latter end of the reign of James the First, English bred horses had acquired a continental reputation, as runners and hunters. They were in great demand in France, and were exported thither, where the same method of training and managing them was adopted.

In the reign of Charles the First, races were run in Hyde Park and Newmarket called ‘bell-courses,’ as the prize was a silver bell.

## CHAPTER III

### HISTORY OF HORSE CULTIVATION—*continued*

THE first record of penalties for disregarding the precise rules in racing appears in a race at Chester, in the time of Charles the Second.

When the sheriffs of Chester presented a piece of plate for the winner, the High Sheriff borrowed a Barbary horse of Sir Thomas Middleton, and won the plate himself. This unworthy and undignified action on the part of the High Sheriff, so disgusted the owners, that it caused 'all the gentry to relinquish these rules ever since.'

To the enactment of a law preventing the 'promiscuous herding of many animals of varying size, merit and breed,' of 'weeding out the undersized entire horses,' and 'killing and burying the mares not able to bear foals of reasonable stature,' may be attributed the gradual dying out of the smaller native breeds of horses, and the appearance, in their stead, of a race of useful, stout, speedy and beautiful animals.

By an act passed in the reign of Henry the Eighth, the nobility were ordered to breed 'great horses,' and in the reign of his successor, Edward the Sixth, it was a 'capital offence to steal a horse,' nor could such an offender have the 'privilege of clergy.'

With the Restoration came the development of racing, and from the reign of the 'Merry Monarch,'

who loved nothing better, can be traced the unchecked progress of the taste for, and delight in, horse-racing in England.

When, by the judicious intermixture of imported blood with the best bred mares, English breeders had succeeded in producing an animal superior to both his dam and sire, they took the greatest care to ensure accuracy, in matters relating to the pedigree of their horses. This pedigree could then be traced without dispute, not only to Darley's Arabian—who laid the foundation of the best racing-stock in the time of Queen Anne—but also to numerous foreign horses imported during the time of Charles the Second, to Place's White Turk, to the Helmsley Turk, and to Fairfax's Morocco Barb.

Breeders were then, as now, careful to avoid a cocktail stain, and each breeder kept an accurate record of the pedigrees. Although a cocktail horse is not thoroughbred, yet he is so near it as to beat any half-bred horse, being bred from a dam having a very slight stain in her pedigree. There was an object in this, which was to get a breed of horses having great staying power, or bottom, or, as it was quaintly called, 'great goodness.' The breeding of the half-bred was such, that the flaw in the pedigree was accidental. That is, he became a racer by accident, having been bred for a hunter, but showing good speed, was entered for races.

The climate also added to the success of breeding. The cross of the Arabs, Turks and Barbs ensured success, while the skill and perseverance of those devoted to this scientific way of breeding, aided in some measure by phenomenal luck in mating, produced horses superior to any the world had ever seen.

## CHAPTER IV

### TRAINING, RACES, THE FIRST DERBY

THE advent of Childers was in a way accidental. His mother, Betty Leedes, disregarding her other lovers, fell in love with her son, the Darley Arabian, who had been used in the stud vicariously, or as a 'teazer' only. She evinced such a decided fondness for him, that she was finally permitted to indulge her preference. The result was Childers, who subsequently earned for himself the sobriquet of 'Flying.'

The progeny of the Darley Arabian was so wonderful, that he was continually in demand in the stud, and became the most famous entire horse of his time.

Flying Childers ran against the best horses of his era, and his record is almost unique, in having never once been defeated. He was acknowledged to be the fleetest courser ever bred.

Eclipse emulated the example of Childers, whose fame he shares. Matchem and Highflyer earned glory for themselves, and won vast sums of money for their owners. Matchem's fees, during his nine years in the stud, amounted to over £12,000, while Eclipse's services greatly exceeded this sum.

It is said, even now, that the more crosses one finds in



the fashionable horse from the Darley Arabian blood, the better winner he is, and the more often he has won.

It was to Tregonwell Frampton, who is still known as the 'Father of the Turf,' that the middle of the eighteenth century owed the art of training horses, and making the art what it was. He also reduced the practice of the sport of racing to orderly rules and methods. Before his time, in 1718, twenty-three matches were decided on Newmarket Heath, the distance being four miles. In 1719 the race over Clifton and Rawcliffe Ings was won by the Earl of Carlisle's chestnut gelding Buckminster (by the Bald Galloway), ridden by Matchem Timms, who won her late Majesty's (Queen Anne) gold cup, the value of which was one hundred guineas.

Another race for a Royal cup of the same value, presented by George the First, was run on the 8th of August in the same year. The distance was four miles, and the race was won by the Duke of Rutland's black filly Bonny Black, the best performer of her day. She was by Black Hearty, son of the Byerly Turk, her dam by a Persian horse. Bonny Black won the cup for the Duke of Rutland the next year also.

York races were run on Clifton and Rawcliffe Ings until 1731, when, owing to better condition of the ground, they were run over Knavesmire, and have continued to be decided there ever since.

The first Derby was won by Diomed, a compact, well-formed chestnut colt, the property of Sir Charles Bunbury. Bred by Mr Panton, and foaled in 1763, he was got by Florizel out of a Spectator mare, and counting among his ancestors, on the dam's side, Flying Childers, the Paget Turk, and the Leedes Arabian.

The Ascot races, which lasted a week, began a fortnight after Whitmonday, and on the 28th of June 1791, the Oatlands Stakes were run for. They were won by Baronet, owned by the Prince of Wales, who beat not only Express, but seventeen other horses. On this important event £100,000 were lost and won.

## CHAPTER V

### JOCKEYS

ROYALTY was always present at these races, and among the jockeys was the eccentric Lord Barrymore, whose only rival in the saddle was Charles James Fox. Lord Barrymore's best horses were Rockingham and Chanticleer.

These jockeys of 'high degree' in this early period of horse-racing wore a 'black velvet cap, with long French peak, and a bow of black satin ribbon behind. Their hair was long, falling to the shoulders; a white cambric neck-cloth of ample folds was tied at the back. They wore a long body-coat with flaps, wide skirts, knee-breeches, white cotton stockings, and black leather shoes of the Oxford pattern, with silver buckles. The long tails of the coat flapping in a high wind, added no comfort to the rider, and so were tucked inside the breeches; and the next step was to curtail them entirely.' From this was evolved the jockey's short jacket, now universally worn.

A celebrated jockey about the year 1775 was Sam Chifney, 'jockey for life' to the Prince of Wales, and rider of the famous Escape. There is a portrait of him by Stubbs, seated on Emperor's back, in which his peculiar slack-rein style of handling his bridle, and his backward seat in the saddle, are exhibited. His methods were so original, that in defence of them he wrote a book called

*Genius Genuine*, in which he says, 'This should be done as if you had a silken rein as fine as a hair, and that you was afraid of breaking it. This is the true way a horse should be held fast in his running.' To the question, 'Why do the turf horses degenerate, or why are there so few good runners?' his reply is noteworthy. 'Some say they think it is from running horses too young. My opinion is this, that the best running mares are trained till their running is gone from them, little or much, then turned into the stud exhausted of their juices. Perhaps drop a foal in the following year, and so on year after year, suckling one foal while breeding another. The mare is thus turned into the stud drained of her strength, and her continually breeding keeps her so, without she lays herself barren a year or two by her mis-standing. This chance manner of her laying herself fallow gives her an opportunity of recovering her juices, or strength, to enable her to breed a stronger foal. And it is the same with the stallions. They are turned out of training into the stud, thus drained of their nature, and the better runner he is, the more he is immediately pressed with numbers of the best mares, and in a manner all to the stallions at one time. These are my reasons why the turf horses degenerate in strength, speed and beauty.' So applicable are these reasons for the present day, that I quote in full.

## CHAPTER VI

### TATTERSALL'S HIGHFLYER

THE most celebrated horse, excepting only Flying Childers and Eclipse, in the last half of the eighteenth century was Highflyer, got by King Herod, and was half-brother to Mark Antony. He was the winner of many valuable prizes, the chief of which was a sweepstakes of 2600 guineas, in the Second Spring Meeting at Newmarket, 1778, for four-year-olds. Only twice was he defeated. At the time of his death, October 1793, he was earning his owner—Mr Tattersall, founder of the well-known firm of auctioneers—1200 guineas a year at the stud.

The family of Tattersall acknowledge, and proudly, that to Highflyer they owe the foundation of their fortunes. His death was greatly lamented, and the following epitaph was written when it occurred,—

‘Here lieth the perfect and beautiful symmetry of the much lamented Highflyer, by whom, and his wonderful offspring, the celebrated Tattersall acquired a noble fortune, but was not ashamed to acknowledge it!’

Mr Tattersall had erected a handsome mansion, and in gratitude to this famous stallion called it ‘Highflyer Hall.’ His heart was bound up in the celebrated sire, and he did not long survive him, leaving his descendants ‘an honest name, a good business, Highflyer Hall, and an estate near

Ely.' Both in England and America Mr Tattersall's name is well known, and he was the founder of his fortune.

With Eclipse, the chances of produce were very uncertain, but Highflyer's success at the stud was very great. Mr Tattersall, seeing this, bought a number of well-bred mares, and from the unions were descended Rockingham, Sir Peter Teazle, Skyscraper, Young Highflyer, Walnut Volante, and many other famous horses.

Although George the Third was fond of hunting, and kept two packs of hounds, he did not like the Turf. But the Duke of Cumberland loved it. He was the most popular member of the Royal family, and to his skill and devotion came the well-made matches which produced Eclipse, King Herod, Crab, and Marske. The Dukes of York, Bedford, Queensberry, Marlborough, Lord Lonsdale, the Earl of Jersey, Sir Charles Buntbury, and many others whose names were famous in history, were earnest advocates of horse-culture, and were frequently seen on the Turf.

On the 25th of March 1799, at the Newmarket Craven Meeting, the celebrated Hambletonian, owned by Sir Harry Vane Tempest, won the race by half a neck from Mr Cookson's Diamond, two of the best horses, and two of the best jockeys of the day! Francis Buckle rode Hambletonian, and Dennis Fitzpatrick was the rider of Diamond in this great match. Dennis Fitzpatrick won the Derby in 1805 on Cardinal Beaufort. In 1818 Hambletonian died at the age of twenty-seven, leaving a great family of winners.

## CHAPTER VII

LORD DERBY, GEORGE IV., AND RACING OF VARIOUS KINDS

EDWARD SMITH STANLEY, twelfth Earl of Derby, whose career on the Turf lasted nearly sixty years, was the founder of the 'Oaks,' named after his seat in Surrey; of the 'Derby,' named in his honour; and of the meeting at Aintree, near Liverpool, famous as the arena over which the Grand National is decided. He made his *début* on the Turf in 1776, and was the breeder and owner of a long list of winners. His filly Bridget, by King Herod, headed the long list of Oaks winners, but luck did not favour him in the Derby, as he was only once victorious there--when Sir Peter Teazle, by Highflyer, won the blue riband.

Lord Derby was titled the 'Father of the Jockey Club,' and no man lived more esteemed, or died more universally regretted. His first wife was Lady Elizabeth Hamilton, and the second was the celebrated beauty and actress, Miss Farren.

The Earl of Egremont won the Derby of 1782 with Assassin, by Sweet Briar; in 1804 with Hannibal; in 1805 with Cardinal Beaufort; in 1807 with Election; and in 1826 with Lapdog. He carried off the Oaks prize also five times, and won the Oaks a second time in 1794 with Heroine.

George the Fourth was a 'Horse-delighting Prince,' the



love of racehorses and racing, being his ruling passion. He first appeared on the Turf in 1784, when he was but twenty-two years old. Then his stud was limited, his only horse of any merit, being Merry Traveller. In two years, however, he had twenty-five animals in training at Newmarket. Up to 1791 his horses had won one hundred and ninety races, and between 1800 and 1807, they won one hundred and twenty-nine stakes. In the death of George the Fourth, 1830, the Turf lost one of its most ardent lovers and supporters.

The year 1831 was made eventful by the death of Blacklock, the winner of many races, who was sired by Whitelock, whose sire was Hambletonian, and in 1832 the Turf lost the most famous jockey of his day, Frank Buckle, who died in his sixty-ninth year.

The sport of horse-racing, now become a national characteristic, deeply rooted in the affections of English people, was surely increasing its hold upon all classes, as was proved by the large and distinguished company who never missed the Newmarket meetings. But variety seems ever a necessity to humanity, and matches between racers were not the only contests which gratified the public passion for sport. Mail-coaches were matched against each other, one of the most interesting of which races was when the London mail, horsed by Mr Land with four fine greys, raced and won the Plymouth mail, horsed by Mr Phillips, with four blacks, for five hundred guineas. The date of this race was 1802.

In April 1801, Captain Newland rode a match for a heavy wager, to ride one hundred and forty miles in eight successive hours on hackneys. He rode the distance easily in seven hours and thirty-four minutes.

So the hackneys must have been quite up to the description of an English saddle-horse,—

‘ His head is like the snake,  
His neck is like the swan,  
His back is but a span, sir,  
His shoulders well put on,  
Is my fine old English hackney, boys,  
One of the olden times !’

Let those who doubt the power, capacity and endurance of Arabian horses, note the following extraordinary feat of horsemanship in 1758.

For a wager of two hundred guineas, Miss Pond undertook to ride the same horse, one thousand miles in one thousand consecutive hours (forty-one days and eight hours), and won her wager easily.

A few weeks later, her father rode the same horse one thousand miles in six hundred and sixty-seven hours, two-thirds of the time.

Unfortunately the name of the horse is not given, but he was of Arab blood.



BINT NURA, ARABIAN BROOD MARE.

[*To face page 158.*]



## CHAPTER VIII

### THE FOUNDING OF THE GRAND STAND, ASCOT, ETC.

WILLIAM THE FOURTH, although the inheritor of his late brother's horses, was never fond of horse-racing, but yet did all in his power to promote the prosperity of the Turf. He established a new and original challenge-prize, which was the hoof of Eclipse, most elegantly mounted. After the annual dinner given by the King to the Jockey Club at St James's Palace, May 16, 1832, when covers were laid for seventy, an agreeable event surprised the guests. The company included the leading patrons of the Turf. The hoof of Eclipse in a costly mounting, in the middle of a gold salver with the Royal arms in gold in high relief, was presented by His Gracious Majesty to the Club. The hoof was supported by a golden pedestal, on one side of which was engraved, 'This piece of plate, with the hoof of Eclipse, was presented by His Most Gracious Majesty, William the Fourth, to the Jockey Club, May, 1832.'

About this time lived Mr Bowles, whose fame and reputation were widely known. He was the first veterinary surgeon who treated the diseases of horses in a scientific manner, and who possessed not only extraordinary skill in his profession, but also a large fund of common sense. He was often heard to say, 'Let a man make himself

thoroughly to understand the structure of a horse's foot, its economy, its bearings, its beauties, its provisions and elasticity; and should he then turn and say, "There is no God!" that man is a fool and a liar!'

The foundation of the Grand Stand at Ascot was laid January 16, 1839, by the Earl of Errol, Master of the Buckhounds. Her Majesty Queen Victoria attended the opening of the Grand Stand to the public, and was pleased and interested in the racing. When it was over, she commanded that the rider of the winner should be brought before her. The Queen said a few kind words to the highly delighted boy, complimenting him on his judgment and skill in riding, and further gladdened his heart by presenting him with a ten-pound note.

The Duke of Cleveland, Lord Darlington, was for fifty years a leading patron of the Turf, and owned many good horses, among which were Voltaire, Whisker, Haphazard, and Mully Molloch. By his efforts and those of George, Duke of Grafton, who had also a passion for racing, a great improvement was made in the national breed of racehorses. The Duke of Grafton owned the celebrated brood mares Prunella and Penelope her daughter, from whom were descended Whalebone, Buckle, Web, and other famous winners of the Derby.

The position of 'Lord George' Bentinck in the sporting world was unsurpassed. He began his stud with a few well-selected animals—among them Venison and Drummer—which gradually increased until in 1844 (the year of his death) he had forty horses running in races, and nearly a hundred in the stud. Elis won the St Leger, and Crucifix the Oaks. Among Turf reformers, Lord George has the greatest name. He made improvements continually, and

many admirable arrangements for the comfort and convenience of the thousands of sight-seers. A stringent code of laws was inaugurated by him, suppressing the prevalent system of false starts, and he put down swindling in its every form. It was said that 'He alone effected what a whole body admitted themselves unequal to attempt.



## CHAPTER IX

### OF DERBY WINNERS

THE season of 1846 was said to have been 'infinitely the most brilliant in the annals of the British Turf.' Ascot was graced by the presence of the young Queen and her Royal Consort, while Chester, Newmarket, Goodwood, Doncaster and Epsom held 'their ain an' mair'! In 1850 there were twenty-four runners for the Derby, which Voltigeur won by a length over Flying Dutchman. The latter won the Ascot Cup, five hundred guineas, and Voltigeur the Doncaster Cup, three hundred pounds.

But when the Flying Dutchman won the race at Knavesmire in 1851 over Voltigeur, Lord Eglinton declared that his horse was withdrawn from the Turf for ever.

Bay Middleton, sire of Flying Dutchman, bred by Lord Jersey in 1833, was never beaten, and was considered the best racehorse of the day. He was sold to 'Lord George' Bentinck for four thousand guineas.

As is the case with most English racers of note, all of the thirty-two sires and dams that appear in the pedigree of Voltigeur can be deduced from the Godolphin Arabian. The direct line of sires can be traced to the Darley Arabian, and the line of dams to a Barb mare.

The Derby of 1825 was won by Lord Jersey with Middleton, and the Doncaster St Leger by Mr R. Watt with Memnon. To the Derby of 1825 were only fifty-eight subscribers, while in 1850 were two hundred and five. Lord Glasgow was elected a member of the Jockey Club in 1839, and in 1845 had a dozen horses running in his name. He had a long run of bad luck in breeding, which turned, however, before his death. He spent £60,000 a year on the Turf.

The Marquis of Hastings, and his son Lord Hastings, were both prominent in racing matters, and owned a long string of winners, among the best being Ackworth and the Earl.

Lord Falmouth had extraordinary success; and Sir Tatton Sykes was one of the largest breeders of blooded stock at the time of his death, his stud numbering more than two hundred horses and mares. In 1861, to the surprise of everyone, the St Leger was won by Caller Ou. She was bred by Mr P'Anson in 1858, by Stockwell out of Haricot, Gladiator and Whalebone being ancestors. The Derby of 1862 was won by Caractacus over the Marquis and Buckstone.

The contest for the Ascot Cup in 1863, in which Buckstone ran against Tim Whiffler and won, is still remembered as a thrilling spectacle. Count Lagrange's Fille de l'Air, winner of the Oaks, was heroine in 1864; but his best horse, Gladiateur, won the three-year-old treble event—the Derby, Oaks and St Leger in 1865. Lord Lyon won both the Derby and St Leger in 1866, and Hermit won the Derby in 1867.

Blair Athol, 'a beautiful bright chestnut horse, as full of go as an indiarubber ball,' was one of the celebrities

in this decade, and won large sums for his owner. He was by Stockwell from Blinkbonny. Prince Charlie, who defeated Cremona in 1872, was the son of Blair Athol, and Doncaster, who won the Derby in 1873, and the Doncaster Cup and Alexandra Plate in 1875, was a son of Stockwell.

Prince Batthyany won the Derby in 1875 with Galopin.

## CHAPTER X

### OF OWNERS OF WINNERS

BARON ROTHSCHILD, who for years had bred and trained horses with only moderate success, astonished the racing world about this time with a series of brilliant victories with Favonius, Corisande and Hannah. Newmarket was then the favourite meet for races.

Admiral Rous was looked up to as a final authority on all matters relating to sport, and held the position of Dictator for many years, with the greatest honour and credit to himself, and benefit to all interested in the welfare of the Turf.

For more than thirty years Mr William Barrow was the veterinary at Newmarket most esteemed and trusted, and never had a rival in all that time.

John Scott, a celebrated trainer in those days, had the best horses in England under his care year after year, and entertained in his hospitable home many of England's most distinguished men.

Mr George Payne, who died in 1878, was an *habitué* of every racecourse in England for over fifty years, and had a few bets on every race, however small. 'Conspicuous among the squirearchy of England,' says his memoir, 'is Mr George Payne, who for many years has been regarded and

pointed out as the *beau ideal* of an English sportsman—equally well known in the hunting field as on the race-course, in the drawing-room or at the club—investing all his actions with a chivalrous honour which has created for him not only an English, but a European reputation!’ For fifty-four years Mr Payne was an owner of racehorses, yet he had rarely possessed a really good horse.

The Duke of Newcastle and Lord St Vincent were contemporaries of Mr Payne, and both owned racing stables. while the Duke of Beaufort, Sir J. D. Astley, Sir G. Chetwynd, Lord Coventry, Mr Chaplin, Mr Crawford, the Duke of Hamilton, Lord Hartington, Lord Rosebery, Mr Saville, Mr Naylor, Captain Machell and the Duke of Westminster are only a few of the well-known persons always interested in Turf and stud matters.

The story of Mr William Blenkinson’s stud is one of great enterprise and sagacity rewarded by great success. His first sale in 1856 brought him one hundred guineas a head for his produce; and at one sale, two yearlings brought him four thousand five hundred guineas. He owned the Middle Park stud, but when he began his enterprise he had to lead Glauer, his best horse, through his front door, into a shed in the garden where he was stalled.

The Stud Company succeeded Mr Blenkinson’s stud; but these companies were not then successful in any way, either to produce good horses or to fill the owners’ pockets.

## CHAPTER XI

### WHICH CONTINUES THE LIST OF WINNERS

IN 1874, the Derby was won by Mr Cartwright's George Frederick, the son of Marsyas. Kisber, by Buccaneer, owned by Mr A. Baltazzi, was a Hungarian bred horse, and the first of that nationality to win the Derby, which he did in 1876, and also the Grand Prix de Paris. The following year, 1877, the great race was won by Lord Falmouth's Silvio, by Blair Athol, and in 1878 by Mr Crawford's Sefton, by Speculum. Isonomy made a great name for himself in 1879 by winning in that year the Ascot Cup, the Goodwood Cup, the Doncaster Cup, and the Queen's Vase, and in 1880 again won the Ascot Cup.

But the Derby of 1879 was won by Mr Acton's Sir Bevys, by Favonius; and in 1880 by the Duke of Westminster's famous Bend Or, by Doncaster. Iroquois, by Leamington, owned by Mr Lorillard, won the Derby in 1881, and in 1882, the Duke of Westminster was again fortunate, in winning with Shotover, by Hermit. St Blaise, by Hermit also, and owned by Sir F. Johnstone, was the hero in 1883. He owed his training to Mr John Porter, whose opinion of St Blaise is that he was a good, but not a great horse. Mr J. Hammond's St Gatien, by The Rover, was forced to divide the honours of the Derby in 1884

with Sir J. Willoughby's Harvester, as the race between them was a dead heat, and the stakes were divided. St Gatien won the Ascot Cup and the Cesarewitch the same year. Lord Hastings' Melton, by Master Kildare, won the Derby in 1885, and Mr Abingdon's Merry Hampton, by Hampton, out of Doll Tearsheet, in 1887, but in 1886 Ormonde, the son of Bend Or and Lily Agnes, owned by the Duke of Westminster, made his name for ever famous. In his three engagements, he was ridden by the jockey Tom Cannon, and won the Derby, the St Leger and the Two Thousand, all in the same year.

During the celebration of the Queen's Jubilee in 1887, the Duke of Westminster did not ride Ormonde in the procession, which was such a disappointment to his friends, that the Duke telegraphed for him to be sent up at once to London. As he was being led through the streets, well covered by his blanket, a cabby called out to the groom, 'Wot yer got there?' 'Ormonde,' replied the groom quite truthfully. 'Ha! ha!' laughed the cabby, 'that's a good 'un! tell that to the marines!'

But when Ormonde appeared at the garden-party, he seemed to understand that he was being shown off, and made himself very agreeable. He endured all the petting and admiration and adulation, with a dignity and gentleness, not often found as attributes of famous racehorses. Ormonde was said to be the greatest horse of this century. Mr Porter, his trainer, said of him that 'they never knew at home, how great he was, while his extraordinary achievements abroad were unexampled.' He never had a moment's anxiety about Ormonde, although he ran practically untried, and won all his engagements during his magnificent career. Unfortunately Ormonde was a



roarer, which infirmity was caused by hereditary paralysis of the nerves. He was treated by electricity for his infirmity, but it was of no avail, and he was sent to the stud at Eton in 1887. His owner, the Duke, would not breed from a horse paralysed, however, declaring himself 'dead against breeding happy-go-lucky from roarers,' and so sold him. He was sent to the Argentine, and was re-sold to a syndicate in America.

## CHAPTER XII

### WINNERS CONTINUED

THE Duke of Portland won the Derby in the two succeeding years—in 1888 by Ayrshire (who won also the Eclipse Stakes in 1889), and by Donovan in 1889, and who won not only the St Leger in that year, but brought to his owner, during his two and three-year-old days, £55,154.

Sir J. Miller's Sainfoin was successful in 1890, and Sir F. Johnstone's Common in 1891—who won also the St Leger and the Two Thousand in the same year. Lord Bradford's Sir Hugo was the Derby winner in 1892, while La Flèche won both the Oaks and the St Leger in that year.

The St Leger was established in 1776, when it was named out of compliment to Colonel St Leger, and the race was run for the first time, on Doncaster town moor.

Isinglass, son of Isonomy, was bred by his owner, Mr M'Calmont, and won the Derby in 1893. His wonderful success as a four-year-old has, however, linked his name inseparably and gloriously with the Turf year of 1894, for he won in that year £54,935, an amount only once before equalled in the winnings of a thoroughbred.

Ladas, by Hampton, won the Derby for the Prime

Minister of England, Lord Rosebery, in 1894. The race was worth £5450, and the public accorded his owner, the Premier, a tremendous ovation as Ladas flew first past the winning post, followed next by Matchbox, son of St Simon. Ladas was defeated by Isinglass by a length, at Sandown for the Eclipse Stakes. He made his last appearance for the year, in the St Leger at Doncaster, September 12, and was again beaten by Throstle, a mare by Petrarch, by a length, while Matchbox was third.

The Duke of Westminster's Orme, both in 1892 and 1893, won the Eclipse Stakes of £10,000. Lord Rosebery's Sir Visto won the Derby in 1895. Mornington Cannon gained his first success when he rode Throstle, the St Leger winner, and J. Watts' victory in the Derby on Ladas gave him a great ovation. Tod Sloane, an American jockey arriving in England early in October 1897, had ridden by November sixth, six firsts and three seconds out of twelve mounts, a most remarkable average to make in so short a time. St Simon stood at the head of the list of winning sires in 1894, followed closely by Isonomy and Isinglass.

## CHAPTER XIII

### THE PRINCE OF WALES' DERBY

AMONGST the four-year-olds, His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales' grand St Simon colt Persimmon stood far in advance of any other horse of his age in 1896. He made his first appearance in the race for the Ascot Gold Cup, £3380. Three of the best horses, Love Wisely, Winkfield's Pride, and the Oaks winner, Limasol, were his opponents, and he won in a canter by eight lengths, 'a fitting victory for the Jubilee year.' Persimmon is a magnificent specimen of a thoroughbred, and when he came out for the Eclipse Stakes, he won easily from Velasquez, who won the Prince of Wales' Stakes in 1897, and the Champion Stakes at Newmarket, also in the same year. But when Persimmon sported the Royal colours at the Derby, and won the race for His Royal Highness, no words can describe the tremendous excitement which followed. The cheers and shouts, the waving of hats until the brims were torn off, and they were thrown high in air to celebrate the victory, while the owners went home hatless! the jostle and push, and running to and fro, made up a scene of wildest joy. The Prince's coat was nearly torn off his back, with the enthusiasm of the delighted populace, who strove, one and all, to get a nearer view of his Royal person, and to show

individually their pride and pleasure in the achievement of Persimmon. It was the first time the Prince of Wales had ever placed a horse to race for him, and his astonishing success carried everything before it. But after this year of remarkable victories—he had also won the St Leger—Persimmon was not permitted to race again, and was put at once to the stud, with a harem of fifty mares.

## CHAPTER XIV

### THE DERBIES OF 1897-98

WHEN Mr Gubbins' Galtee More, by Kendal, out of Morganette, won the Derby in 1897, as well as the St Leger and Two Thousand, his partisans doubtless expected to find him in 1898, among the great horses which have won the Ascot Gold Cup.

But Mr Gubbins' opportunity came, when he was able to sell his horse to the Russian Government for £21,000. So it is supposed, he will run in the Ascot Cup this year in the name of the Grand Duke Dimitri, aide-de-camp to the Tsar, and England will lose thereafter one of her famous winners. This is the first instance of an Irish bred horse, owned by an Irishman winning the Derby, the value of which was £5450. He is one of the seven wearers of the triple crown, the others being West Australian in 1853; Gladiateur in 1865; Lord Lyon in 1866; Ormonde in 1886; Common in 1891; and Isinglass in 1893. Arum is worthy of mention, as he is considered by good Australian judges, to be the best horse in the world. He is by Trenton out of Anna, and won the Flying Stakes and the C. B. Fisher Plate.

In 1898 the Derby was won on a dull 26th of May by Jeddah, 'a rank outsider,' to use the words of the *Sportsman*. Jeddah, who came in three-quarters of a length to

the good, is a chestnut colt, the son of Janissary, out of Pilgrimage, and was bought by Mr J. W. Larnach, his owner, for the small sum of 160 guineas, when the Sefton stud was disposed of at Newmarket in the July of 1894. The odds against Jeddah were 100 to 1, a fact which in the case of a winner constitutes, in the opinion of the *Sportsman*, 'a record, not only with regard to a Derby, but in connection with any race that has ever been run.'



## CHAPTER XV

### DERBY DAY

EVER since May 18, 1847, when Lord George Bentinck's motion was carried in the House of Lords, 'it has been the annual custom of the House to adjourn in the Derby week from Tuesday till Thursday, that not only honourable members themselves, but everybody engaged in attendance upon the House may go to Epsom if they like to do so!' Derby day has been variously described as a 'recognised holiday,' a 'national fête,' and Lord Palmerston happily styled the Epsom week 'Our Olympian games.' But whatever it may be called, the interest in it has so constantly increased that Derby day has become *the* carnival of the year in England, while in all its features it is thoroughly English. It was a happy thought when that period of the year was selected in which a 'fine' spell of weather could be expected with some certainty, when the trees put on their spring dress of tender green, when the bright blue sky over the vast breezy expanse of grass-covered hill at Epsom Downs is cloudless, and the enchanting country lanes of Surrey are filled with bloom and blossoming plants!

The course is a great green plain. The grand stand

is crowded to its utmost capacity with excited spectators, and the hill opposite is swarming like an ant-heap, while the dull roar of a restless and distant multitude strikes the ear.

At the starting-post is a dense crowd ; while long lines of people in holiday garb, reaching down to Tattenham Corner, and more thinly skirting all round the running track, have there taken up their positions to watch the race. There are noisy showmen shouting out their wares ; men in booths selling fruits, pies, cold joints and eatables of all sorts ; persistent vendors of everything under the sun ; gipsies everywhere, ready to tell you a good fortune if you only cross their palm ; singers and dancers disguised as negroes ; musicians of all sorts, bad and worse ; shooting galleries ; games of skittles and sticks—all this, and much more, proclaim Epsom racecourse on the great Derby day.

Whatever can carry on wheels is there, from the stately turnouts of the nobility and gentry, the four-in-hand coaches, the less pretentious private carriages, and even the latest motor coach, to the humble donkey-cart and ubiquitous bicycle. In incredible confusion they converge from every point of the compass, while the never-ending stream of enthusiastic pedestrians, who would not miss the glories and excitements of the Derby, if they had to come on hands and knees, throng the dusty roads. On the hill, the spectacle of rows of carriages, five and six deep, filled with elegantly dressed women, is something to remember ; although ‘the splendid turnouts of the Dukes and Earls, the magnificent coaches, each drawn by six superb horses decorated with various-coloured favours and rosettes, the smart livery servants, the twenty outriders, and the goodly cavalcade of tenantry on horse-

back no more gladden the eyes, and provoke the cheers, of the spectators on Derby days.'

Their absence in these days of democratic travel, must be compensated by the arrival, every few moments, of railroad trains of enormous length, from every part of the United Kingdom, from which emerge multitudes of horse-lovers, who swell the human stream until there is scarcely standing-room. To count them is impossible, but the receipts of the grand stand are enormous, and *can* be calculated—and very many must be fed.

The hostleries by the wayside have their innings, as well as the booths and vendors. Dickens compared this wonderful commissariat department to an ogre's castle, but his figures in 1851 are not a fourth of what is consumed to-day.

The features of the track are important to relate. The length is one mile and a half. At the beginning the race is ridden over a wide track, with plenty of room for forty starters. First, there is a steep ascent, followed when the top of the hill is reached by rather flat ground for three furlongs. Then comes the very sharp descent to Tattenham Corner, a rather dangerous curve. The straight run in of half a mile is almost flat, the rise to the stand being slight, and very gradual. With the exception of Tattenham Corner, there is no dangerous part of Epsom racecourse, and the running track all around the course is of ample width, to afford elbow-room to a practically unlimited number of starters.

At the starting-post stand, impatiently pawing the ground, or stretching their necks in restless anxiety to be off, a group of thoroughbreds, mounted by jockeys bright in silks and satins, exhibiting the various colours of their

respective owners, and in gay contrast to the background of green turf. The excited competitors are at last brought into line. Down drops the flag!

'They are off!' bursts like one cry from tens of thousands of throats. There they go, scudding along the top of the hill! descending to the Corner! past Tattenham. Now they are in the straight! The supreme effort is seen in the half-mile run; the best horse flies past *first*, a disappointed, no longer hopeful, second follows, and a disgusted third, and another Derby has been won! Oh! the cheers that rend the air! Is the like of it ever heard elsewhere? a tremendous, far-reaching, ecstatic wave of sound, which rises to Heaven, and seems to shake the very earth!

Some have won, and some have lost, but everybody is merry and thirsty, and takes a drink—whether it be Bass, or brandy-and-soda, or champagne.

With the masses, it is still all fun and frolic as they turn homewards through the dust and disappointing delays, talking of the winner, and glorifying him, with a kindly regret for the others who didn't win, but might some day!

They have had their hours of intense interest and excitement ever since one o'clock, but it is now four, and the Derby for this year has been run!

## CHAPTER XVI

### A VISIT TO MR JOHN PORTER AT KINGSCLERE

OF all the many interesting places to be visited in England, I can imagine none more delightfully so than Park House at Kingsclere Downs. When Mr John Porter arranged with Colonel and Mrs Cunliffe—whose guest I was—a day specially reserved in which he would show to me his famous horses, I knew there was a rare treat in store.

The drive over from Newbury to Kingsclere on a sunny day in May was full of enjoyment, and after that genial, cosy, inevitable, function in England, an afternoon cup of tea, we started for a tour of the stables, Mrs Porter also accompanying us.

Among the ninety-four thoroughbreds were the Batt, Ameer, son of Isonomy, Labrador, Royal Corrie, who leads in the gallops, and is a good trial horse, Collar, Flying Fox, Hermiston, and the celebrated Common.

Mr Porter told us interesting little stories of St Blaise, Bend Or, Ormonde, La Flèche, Shotover, Isonomy, Orme, Ormuz, Watercress, and other celebrities who owed to him their training, and to his excellent methods their success.

The stables at Kingsclere are a marvel of exquisite

neatness, no known device for the comfort and health of their valuable occupants—perfect drainage, ventilation, etc.—having been omitted in their construction.

In every box-stall stood a boy by the head of his horse, cloth in hand, to give an additional rub now and then, to the glistening coat; while the knowing creatures were all on their good behaviour, as they submitted to be petted, but no doubt are bored sometimes, by the uninterrupted stream of visitors, who come day by day, throughout the year to gaze at them. Such little fellows were these boys! none being employed who are over twelve years of age, and there were forty of them. ‘Very few, however, making really good horsemen,’ said Mr Porter. Their quarters were most comfortable, everything being under such perfect system, as doubtless it must be in a family of fifty-eight persons.

In the harness-room, the decorations to my unaccustomed eyes, were quite unique. Besides the usual portraits of winners, and admirable paintings suggesting incidents of their lives, were very many hoofs of horses. I asked Mr Porter what they all meant, and he replied, ‘When a winner dies, his hoof is mounted as a memento of his greatness, and as you see, underneath is a record of his victories.’

‘That must be a work of love, indeed!’

‘Yes, it is, and one that I have neglected lately in the press of other engagements; for I have now the hoofs of various horses for the last ten years still to be mounted!’

Hardly less dear to his heart and pride are his fine hot-houses, filled with rare orchids, and an endless variety of exquisite flowers and fruits, his beautiful gardens, and his aviary, with every known description of pheasant, and



sitting among them a pair of owls, who blinked at us with their knowing eyes.

Kingsclere Downs, in the midst of which Park House is nestled, and presenting many exquisite views, is called the 'abode of health,' and said to be 'just five miles from everywhere.'

Among the distinguished visitors who have recorded their autographs in Mr Porter's book, are seen many times those of 'Albert Edward,' Prince Adolphus of Teck, Lord Marcus Beresford, Lord Alington, Baron de Hirsch, Sir Frederick Johnstone, Mr John Gretton, Lord Stamford, Duke of Portland, Sir John Hawley, and many others.

The Prince of Wales joined the stable in 1886, being no stranger to Kingsclere, and having paid several visits there, and made himself familiar with the *ménage* and system of schooling pursued at Park House. When His Royal Highness was expected, the occasion was always a private one, and the party which accompanied him not numerous. After luncheon at Mr Porter's, they visited the horses, and watched them go through their paces.

The Duke of Cumberland trained his horses on Kingsclere Downs. The Duke of Westminster has had horses under Mr Porter's training for fifteen years, Sir F. Johnstone for thirty years, Mr John Sutton for twenty years, Lord Alington for fifteen years, etc., and in the year of 1894 the stable winnings were £22,672.



## CHAPTER XVII

### TRAINING

IN conversation with Mr Porter, he said, 'In our endeavours to breed good early foals, we are fighting a battle with Nature and getting the worst of it. A foal should not be born before May, and I never knew a May foal that was a "roarer." If we had later foals, less two-year-old racing, and *longer* races, we should have better horses, better trainers, better jockeys! The encouragement of short distance races has a tendency to affect the wind of horses, and that, with too early foaling, is the chief cause of roaring.'

Do you think very young horses should go to the stud? I asked.

'Never before they are four or five years old; but if *we* have anything that shows speed, it is immediately bred from. The French look to soundness first, and the climate in France being better, their foals are earlier. The nature of the soil has also much to do with breeding. Old pasture of sound quality is by far the best, and soft, spongy land should be avoided.'

But must not one have very much land, to rear even a small stud of horses?

'That depends somewhat—for it is certain that more

winners are bred by private, than by public, studs. The latter are obliged to pamper and feed up yearlings, that they may appear well in the sale ring, while the private breeder allows his yearlings to gallop about the paddock until they pass into the trainer's hands. There should be no trees in any field which might attract lightning in thunderstorms. What is much better, is an open shed in each paddock for shelter and shade, and nothing is more important than a constant supply of pure water.'

It must be very interesting when the training commences?

'Yes; for when a yearling passes into the hands of the trainer, his serious troubles begin, and extreme care, patience, and gentleness, on the part of the trainer must be observed. At first he is led about for some time, when he must submit to have the breaking (or first) bit put in his mouth, and the coreson rein on his head. With this slight equipment he is again led about for a few days, then taught to go forwards and back, with the lunging rein. Ankle boots are quite necessary, that he may be prevented from hitting his legs together, as he has not yet learned an even gait. The next thing is to place a roller, a crupper and side reins upon him, and accustom him to carry a rubber, or any light cloth upon his back.'

Ah! I see, to prepare him for the saddle?

'Yes; he doesn't always like the saddle, either, but when he feels at home under it, the process of mouthing begins. A lunging rein must be attached to each side of the bridle, and passing the reins through the stirrup irons puts an even pressure on the bit.

Haven't they mechanical devices now, instead of riders?

‘No doubt, but a live jockey is far better at this stage than any mechanical substitute, and no mistake must be made at this point. The colt should have a good man placed upon his back—one who is capable of handling him with a firmness that can be felt.’

Ah, yes! how well they know!

‘He will be conquered with this firmness, combined with even and unfailing gentleness, and in another week or so the size of the bit is lessened, and he is provided with the ordinary exercise bridle. It is surprising how a young horse comes to hand in this way.’

Then you do not believe in the forcing process?

‘No, I do not, although with the forcing process one may obtain immediate results, but they are not lasting. There is no short cut in effecting the object desired by the trainer of racehorses, for they differ so much in temperament, constitution and soundness that, like human beings, no two are alike, and must be handled differently. Some horses come to running maturity earlier than others, but all require a long and steady course of gentle exercise, to get rid of the superfluous fat.’

Of course, you must meet with disappointment sometimes, even in a promising horse?

‘Very often, but when a horse is thoroughly “fit,” and I find him bad, I get rid of him at once. There is no end of trouble in providing for a horse’s journey when he travels in a horse-box. As the risk is so great on railroads employed in carrying horses from abroad, many owners retain their own private boxes. Even after your horse is fit to run, you are lucky if he reaches his destination safely, and then extra precautions must be taken to “unload” him from his horse-box, and place him at last in his new home.’

Then you send him away an accomplished racer?

‘As far as his capabilities go. He has had his daily canter or run over the Downs, where he has been broken into his paces, and where his speed has been tested so as to meet the requirements of the Turf.’

Then I was asked to write my name in the ‘autograph book,’ the carriage was announced, and my delightful visit to Park House came to an end.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### BREEDING QUEEN'S PLATES

IN later years, horse-breeding in England has been relegated to private enterprise, but the foundation was laid by a persistent effort of Government for over one hundred years. Until quite recently, a sum of money was devoted annually by the throne, for the encouragement of horse-breeding, which took the form of 'Queen's plates. That sum has now been increased, and devoted to a purpose, which is thought to attain the desired object better, than by granting prizes for races. The money is devoted to subsidising approved stallions to serve the mares of farmers in stipulated districts, at nominal fees. This effort on the part of Government is supplemented by private enterprise, in the shape of the Society for the Improvement of Hunters, and combines its funds with the grant of Government.

In all ages of the Turf, there has been a cry of the degeneracy of horses. That there are more bad horses bred now than formerly is true, but it is also true at the same time that there are more good horses bred, and the best of modern horses are superior to those of bygone days. Their records show greater speed and greater perfections in courage, shape and temper.

It may be that too many foals are bred within a given

area, and the soil sickens of them, so that peculiar disorders break out among foals and yearlings, and this is why large studs are at a disadvantage.

The history of modern breeding proves the truth of the theory that a stallion *cannot be too old*, and that 'stayers' cannot be bred from young sires, although speedy horses can. Sir John Hawley and Lord Falmouth were both extremely fortunate as breeders, mating their mares on certain principles warranted by experience. Still, the true art of 'nicking' so as to produce with unerring certainty, colts and fillies that will race, is a secret yet undiscovered. *Luck must* enter largely into any fortunate result. The union of Stockwell and Blink Bonny produced a fine offspring, Blair Athol, but when Gladiateur and Fille de l'Air were mated, Eole, their offspring, was said to be 'worse than a selling plater'!

Is there, then, not need for a system that shall supply good and useful horses, sound weight-carrying hunters, good riding-horses for general purposes? The Government needs horses for the Army, the sportsman needs a racer, and a national stud is really wanted. In spite of the great esteem in which the thoroughbred horse is held, he cannot be called the saddle-horse of the country. He is not often seen as a cavalry charger, and has not produced good troopers for the cavalry in India.

The original framers of the stud-book, which was begun before 1760, looked upon the Eastern horse, and *par excellence* the Arabian, as the pure bred horse, and those alone who are descended from Eastern horses and are registered in the book are now considered thoroughbred, an acknowledgment of the superiority of Arabian blood. So, when it shows conclusively that the popular horse of Eng-

land is not entirely of Eastern, still less of Arabian, blood, it proves that he is not really true or thoroughbred. He cannot get beyond a certain point of excellence, and is impossible of permanent improvement, because of his *mixed* blood. The only effectual, the least expensive, and the quickest, way to meet this difficulty is to start afresh with pure Arabian blood. Postpone no longer the selection of the Arabian—the horse, who in himself, answers all the requirements, whose natural attributes are fire and sagacity, blood and action, speed and bottom—a racer, a war-horse and a hunter!



## CHAPTER XIX

### BREEDS OF HORSES IN THE OLD WORLD

MR YOUATT is authority for the following breeds of horses now in the old world :—

1st. The Barb, native of Barbary, Morocco and Fez ; superior to the Arab horse in form, but without his spirit, speed or endurance. The Godolphin Barb is the most distinguished, and contributed largely to the excellence of the British thoroughbred.

2d. The Dongola horse, from a district between Egypt and Abyssinia. He is distinguished from all other Oriental breeds, and has never been used in the stud in England.

3d. The Arabian, found further east, distinguished by his bright eyes, fine head, small ears, wide nostrils and his unique shoulders. His height rarely exceeds fourteen hands two inches. To this breed of horses, we are largely indebted for our unrivalled stock of animals, suited to all purposes of the turf, the field and the road.

4th. The East Indian horse, high-crested and strong looking. The English stud is not indebted to this race.

5th. The Chinese horse, ill-formed, weak, spiritless, conscious that his distinction is the stock-pot rather than the saddle.

6th. The Persian horse, as beautiful as the Barb and Arabian, but not of equal stoutness. This horse was celebrated long before the Arabian was known to Europeans.

7th. The Turkoman horse, a native of Turkestan and South Tartary. Larger than the Arab, 'inexhaustible under fatigue,' of high value. Never imported into England for stud purposes.

8th. The Tartar and Calmuck horse is almost in a wild state on the great plains of Central Asia and European Russia. Small, badly made and easily beaten, not in any demand.

9th. The Turkish horse, originally descended from the Arab, and crossed with Persian and other strains. This breed has contributed largely to the improvement of our English horses, the Byerly Turk and the Helmsley Turk being household words in the stud-book.

10th. The German horse is large, heavy and slow, the Hungarian being an exception. In Prussia proper, judicious crossing with English blood from selected sires has greatly improved the old breed.

11th. The Swedish, Finland and Norwegian horse, twelve hands high, and speedy in proportion to his height.

12th. The Iceland horse, hardy and diminutive. According to some accounts, of Norwegian origin; to others, of Scottish.

13th. The Flemish and Dutch horse, large, strong and well-formed. Our cart-horse is largely indebted to sires of Flemish extraction.

14th. The French horse, except in the cases of the ponies of Auvergne and Poitou, and horses of Limousin and Normandy, much mixed with English blood, attended with the best results.

15th. The Spanish horse, inferior in all ways to a Yorkshire half-bred. The best is a degenerate descendant of the Spanish jennet of former days.

16th. The Italian horse, altogether degenerate, except when bred in Italy from English imported stock.

Of all these different breeds of horses, England in every variety has the best, and we are indebted to the Arabian Barb and Turk *only*, for the improvement of our native breeds. To secure which result, vast capital and great knowledge and skill have for many generations been brought.

The native Scotch and Irish horses, as well as the French Percherons, are omitted in this list.

The Scotch nation boasts a breed of Galloways of great fame, said to be descended from the Spanish horses washed ashore from the wreck of the Armada.

The Irish rejoice in their 'Hobbies,' a breed of native horses, whose 'pleasing paces and perfections' led Dr Sterne to apply the word 'Hobby' to any man's strong propensity or pursuit.

The following list comprises the most celebrated animals brought into England from the East prior to 1770 :—

The Markham Arabian (James the First).

Place's White Turk (Charles the Second).

Darley Arabian (Queen Anne).

Brown Arabian.

Honeywood's Arabian.

Sir Thomas Oglethorpe's Arabian.

The Cullen Arabian mare.

The Newcombe Bay Mountain Arabian.

The Damascus Arabian.

The Lonsdale Bay Arabian.

The Coombe Arabian.

Mr Bell's grey Arabian.

The Godolphin Arabian Barb.

The Curoven bay Barb.

Mr Wilkinson's Barb mare.

Mr Compton's Barb.

The Thoulouse Barb.

The Marshall or Sileby Turk.

----- The Byerly Turk.

The Acaster Turk.

The Belgrade Turk.

Duke of Berwick's Turk.

The Helmsley Turk.

Dodsworth, a natural Barb, foaled in England.

It was with great difficulty, risk and trouble that these famous horses were secured by Englishmen, and their names include most of the noted 'Pilgrim Fathers' of the British Turf. 'Sojourners in a foreign land,' they did immeasurable good for the English breed of horses.

The Godolphin Arabian was bought out of a cart in Paris, was brought to England by Mr Coke, and afterwards became the property of the Earl of Godolphin.

Mr Bell announced that his grey Arabian was purchased at the distance of thirty days' journey from St John d'Acre, the nearest seaport town to the desert of Arabia. Philip John, an Armenian, who bought him for Mr Bell, opened the campaign by making the great sheik, Beny Sucker, a few useful presents, and finally purchased the grey Arabian out of the sheik's own stud. He was escorted by the Arabs during the return journey of thirty days through the desert, and had still the long overland journey to Aleppo, before taking ship to England, which he finally reached. This is only one example of the difficulties attendant upon bringing out Arabian horses, but owners found themselves amply repaid.

## CHAPTER XX

### A TRUE ARABIAN

THE term 'English horse' includes varieties from the diminutive pony to the enormous cart-horse, as well as the thoroughbred horse. But among the tribes of the desert of Arabia, the Arabian is the *only* horse. He is one by himself! Horses are not numerous in Arabia, and in many parts they are rarely seen. They belong to certain families or tribes rather than to the people at large. The mistake that there are *many breeds* of Arabians arises from mistaking the various distinguishing names of *strains* of the same blood. These are often only the names of owners, and come from some action, having rendered the name famous, and which names are applied to all successive generations. The Najd is of the country of Najd. Keheilan is the generic name of the Kuhl, or Arabian breed.

A true Arabian horse is a Keheilan, and the mare a Keheilet. The blood of the Kuhl race has been handed down by the Bedaween in a perfectly pure state by 'Al-Khamseh' (the Five), which is a collection of five distinct breeds of Arab horses. The Arabic for a horse is Hisan, 'a strong, noble horse,' from the Arabic word Tahassan, meaning that the horse is a 'defence from attack.'

Faras (mare), 'the swallows of the ground,' expresses the attitudes in similar language to that used in the Book of Job—'He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage!'

'Al-Khamseh' includes the celebrated five mares selected and blessed by Mahommed. The history of the birth of the Keheilet Ajuz is as interesting as remarkable. During a short interval of rest, when on a long and rapid journey, her master being pursued, his mare gave birth to a filly foal. In his anxiety to escape, he was obliged to abandon the baby Arab, and still rode her mother at a rapid pace. When he again halted, what was his surprise, to find the little foal trotting up behind, and stoutly following the trail of her mother. The foal was placed in charge of an old woman who cared for her, and thus she derived the name Keheilet Ajuz, or 'the Arabian mare of the old woman.' It is now supposed that the blood of the Al-Khamseh is represented through this one source, that of the Keheilet Ajuz.

Arabs are ever loath to sell their horses, but with all the hesitation, black looks and unhappiness, depicted in the faces and actions of those who must part with their treasures, when the sheik makes the bargain, there seems to be no going back from it.

## CHAPTER XXI

### THE BEDAWREEN

THE Bedaween are a fine, generous people, of wealth sufficient for their wants. Their intelligence is undeniable, their perceptions quick, their imagination lively, and their wit keen. In difficult and delicate matters of diplomacy, they are more than a match for those who would entangle them. They require to be dealt with firmly, but with great consideration and uprightness, as equals, and not inferiors. No people under the sun are more capable of appreciating fair and liberal dealing, and treatment, than the Arabs of the desert. They have many and great virtues, and are noble and generous in character. As to their hospitality, it is justly renowned, for anyone, even an enemy, is safe if he but touch the tent-rope. The owner of the tent then becomes his host, and it is his duty not only to defend his guest against every foe, but to supply his wants also. Were two personal foes to meet, the conqueror is entitled to the mare of the man he has overcome. But touching the tent-rope, is not only the guarantee for personal safety, but secures the mare to the owner also.

Firearms are not in use among the Bedaween. Attacks are personal encounters, and the real and safest armour of the Bedaween horseman, offensive and defensive, is the speed of his mare.



Arabs are fond of comparing their mares to well-formed and beautiful women, distinguished by their swinging walk, and looking from side to side, at objects, as they pass. Most mares object strongly to strangers, resenting with teeth or heels, the familiarity of an attempt to touch. Horses are less impressible and exclusive, but the desert-born horse or mare, bold as a lion in his accustomed place, is scared and wildly excited, when brought into contact with unfamiliar sights and sounds.

It is a grave mistake to confuse the Bedaween with Turks and other peoples of the East in general, and many of the men who offer horses for sale in Eastern countries are not genuine Arabs. Frequently they are Turcomans or Jews, and as to the pedigrees they show, being in the handwriting of the Bedaween, nothing could be more absurd, for it is hard to find one who can read or write. Notwithstanding this, they know more of other nations, and of what is going on, than they get credit for, and are quick to appreciate all that is true, just and noble, in political relations as in private matters.

## CHAPTER XXII

### STILL MORE ABOUT ARABS

THE very highest type of head is to be seen among the horses of the Anazah. A fine head, the greatest development of brain, the finest muzzles, with well-cut features perfectly set on to a beautiful neck, sharp, well-cut and well-placed ears, the best eyes, the longest and most expanding nostrils, the cleanest jaws, and those set widest apart, are the attributes of the Keheilan, or Arabian horse of the Anazah. Their height varies from fourteen to fifteen hands. The Bedaween ride only mares.

Said Mr Upton, 'I have seen a mare galloping loose, with both tail and head high to an extent, almost impossible of belief had I not seen it. Her tail was not only high, but seemed to be right over her back, and, streaming out behind like a flag, covered her loins and quarters! It was a splendid sight to one who can appreciate a horse. She was of the Abayan family, which possess horses and mares of wonderful beauty and very high speed—a strain of the Al-Khamseh.' The name is derived from Aba, 'cloak,' and, it is said, was taken from the following incident. A certain Arab, being pursued, loosed his cloak in order to relieve his mare from every impediment. The mare outstripped the pursuers, when her rider was surprised



IBU NURA, ANOTHER PORTRAIT.

[To our page 106.]



to find his cloak had not been lost, for it had been caught by the mare's tail, which she carried in her gallop to a high degree. Hence the name 'Keheilet, or Arabian mare of the Cloak.' The Manakhi Habdan and Seklawi-jedran complete the five families of the 'Al-Khamseh.'

The Arabs are very particular in regard to three points in connection with the head of the horse—the jibbah, or forehead; the mitbeh, or form of the throat; and the shape, size, direction and attitude of the ears. The ears to be perfect should be so placed that they point *inwards*, so that the tips may almost touch. The shape of the jibbah, in which the Arab delights, gives a large brain cavity, and adds greatly to the beauty of the head, giving an expression of great nobility. When the jibbah, producing an apparent dip in the nose, comes on a level with the eyes, it proves that he has great brain power. In inferior horses, a flat forehead means bad temper. The Arab's eye is set lower than in any other breed, thereby giving greater brain capacity. The Arab is fine and lean in those parts that are not essential. He is deep in the jaw bones, and the two jaws are separated wider, allowing for the greatest development of the thorax, or windpipe. The 'mitbeh' is a term used to express the manner in which the head is set on the neck, and refers to the form of the windpipe. And where the throat runs in between the jaws, it should have a slight and graceful curve. This not only permits a graceful and easy carriage of the head, but enables it to be brought in or extended at pleasure, thus giving great freedom to the air passages.

## CHAPTER XXIII

### RABIAH'S HORSES

HISTORY records that Rabiah-al-Faras had the horses of his ancestors allotted to him, while reference to an assumed table of descents show that David, King of Israel, was contemporary with Rabiah-al-Faras.

The horses descended from Rabiah through his son Asad to his grandson Anazeh, whose race inhabited Khaiber, and afterwards spread all over the pastures of Central Arabia (Najd), and which race possesses the best horses, is a great and peculiarly exclusive people. Most tenacious and persistent in keeping the blood pure and select, they refuse to acknowledge, or return to, any strain which has left them for other tribes. The Anazah will cross with no other blood than that which is bred within their tribes. Kuhl is the race of horses, with skins in colour like antimony, belonging to the mother-family of Keheilet Ajuz—the main or leading strain, equally esteemed by all. There is nothing to surpass it.

Mr Roger D. Upton, in his extremely interesting work *Gleanings from the Desert*, says, 'Reference to the accompanying table of descent will show that David, King of Israel, was probably, or might have been, contemporary

with Rabiah-al-Faras. (The horse is first mentioned in the Bible 1702 B.C.)

## ABRAHAM.

Isaac . . . . .	1. Ishmael.
Jacob . . . . .	2. Kidar.
Judah . . . . .	3. Hamal.
Pharez . . . . .	4. Nahet.
Hezron (about 1635 B.C.) .	5. Salaman (owners of the five Keheilets).
Ram . . . . .	6. Alhamaisa.
Amminedab . . . . .	7. Alyasa.
Nahshan . . . . .	8. Obad.
Salmon . . . . .	9. Oddo.
Boaz . . . . .	10. Adnân.
Obed . . . . .	11. Maad.
Jesse . . . . .	12. Nazar.
David . . . . .	13. Rabiah (on whom were entailed the horses of his ancestors).
	14. Solomon, B.C. 1033.

‘So that more than a thousand years before Christ, history not only records, that horses were in Arabia, but specifies a certain class—the horses of Rabiah’s ancestors; and Salaman, the direct ancestor of Rabiah, whose fine Arabian mares founded the select family of “Al-Khamseh,” was of the same number of descents from the patriarch Abraham as Kezron, the grandson of Judah, who flourished about the year 1635 B.C., so that an *authentic* family of horses



has been preserved in Arabia for 3500 years.' Mr Upton further says that no written documents exist, but requested that for certain reference, and for his own information, the breeding of certain horses might be committed to writing. The originals were, of course, in Arabic, and were vouched for, and to the pedigree the sheik affixed his seal. The translations are word for word as near as possible

#### 'PEDIGREE OF A HORSE.

'The following pedigree of an Arabian horse, which was purchased in Egypt during the war against the French, was hung round the neck of the animal.

'In the name of God, the Merciful and Compassionate, and of Saed Mohamet, agent of the High God, and of the companions of Mohammed and of Jerusalem, praised be the Lord, the Omnipotent Creator.

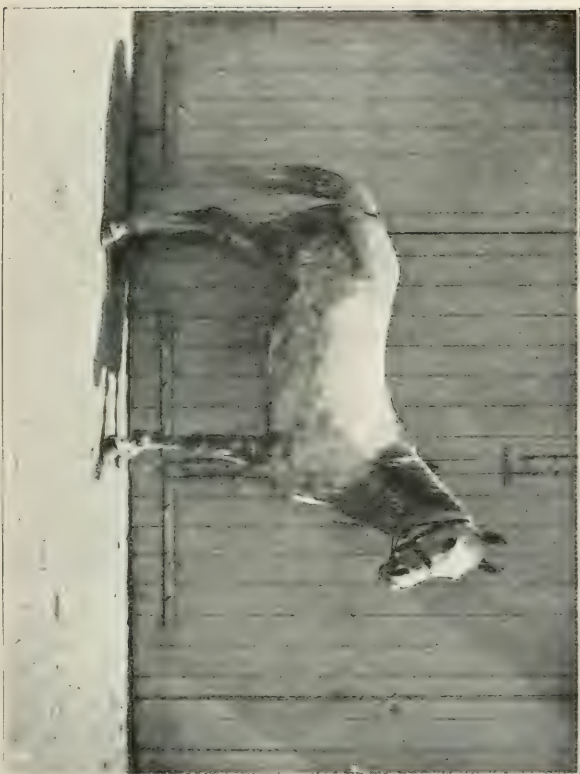
'This is a high-bred horse, and its colt's tooth is here in a bag about his neck with his pedigree, and of undoubted authority, such as no infidel can refuse to believe. He is the son of Rabbang, out of the dam Labadah, and equal in power to his sire, of the tribe of Zashalah ; he is finely moulded, and made for running like an ostrich. In the honours of relationship he reckons Zaulah, sire of Mahat, the sire of Kullock and the unique Alket, sire of Manasseh, sire of Alsheh, father of the race, down to the famous horse, the sire of Lahalala ; and to him he ever gave abundance of green meat and corn and water of life, as a reward from the tribe of Zashalah, and may a thousand branches shade his carcass from the hyena of the tomb, from the howling wolf of the desert, and let the tribe of Zashalah present him with a festival within the enclosure of walls ; and let

thousands assemble at the rising of the sun in troops hastily, when the tribe holds up under a canopy of celestial signs with the walls of the saddle, with the name and family of the possessor. Then let them strike the bands with a loud noise incessantly, and pray to God for immunity for the tribe of Zoab, the inspired tribe!'

## CHAPTER XXIV

### ORIGIN OF THE ARAB HORSE, ETC.

THE French General Daumas asked the Emir Abd-el-Kadir what was the origin of the Arab horse. The Emir, in his poetic way, informed him that 'Allah created the horse out of the wind as he created Adam out of the mud.' The Emir's account of the creation of the horse of his country, is that when Allah willed to create the horse he said to the south wind, 'I will that a creature proceed from thee; condense thyself!' The wind condensed itself, and the result was the horse. The Emir says, 'The thoroughbred Arab horse has no vice;' and claims for his native breed fire, courage, a proud bearing, love for their masters, and the habit, unpleasant though it be, of permitting no one else to mount them. The Arab horse shares the emotions of pleasure or pain, experienced by his master. He consistently refuses to touch what another horse has left, and takes great delight in 'troubling with his feet whatever limpid water he may meet with.' The Arabs have a preference for mares, on account of the value of their produce, the easiness of their paces, and their greater hardiness. His notion of a perfect horse is an animal with large brilliant eyes wide apart, black, broad nostrils close together, long neck, shoulders, haunches and buttocks, the back shin



SHIBOLETTI.



bone and pasterns short, the whole accompanied by a soft skin and fine, flexible hair, powerful lungs, and good feet with heels well off the ground. He says further, 'Look in a horse for speed and bottom. One that has speed alone and no bottom must have a blemish in his descent, and one that has bottom and no speed must have some defect, open or concealed.'

The favourite colours or coats are—

'The white. Take the horse white as a silken flag, without spot, with the circle of his eyes black.

'The black. He must be black as a night, without moon or stars.

'The bay. He must be nearly black, or streaked with gold.

'The chestnut. Desire a dark shade. When he flies beneath the sun it is the wind! The Prophet was partial to chestnuts.

'The dark, dappled grey, called "the grey of the white pigeon," if resembling the stone of the river. He will fill the douar when it is empty, and will preserve us from the combat on the day when the muzzles of the guns touch each other.'

They prefer greys when the head is of a lighter colour than the rest of the body.

'The yellow dun, which must be dark, with black tail and mane.'

White is the colour for princes, but does not stand heat. The black brings good fortune, but fears rocky ground. The chestnut is the most active.

'If one tells you that he has seen a horse fly in the air, ask him what colour he was, and if he replies "chestnut," you must have a chestnut.'

The bay is the hardest and most sober.

‘If one tells you that a horse has leaped to the bottom of a precipice, ask his colour ; if he replies “bay,” believe him.’

The coats despised are—

‘The piebald. Flee him like a pestilence, for he is own brother to the cow.’

‘The horse with white mane and tail no chief would condescend to mount, nor would some tribes allow him to remain a single night with them. It is a colour that brings ill-luck, and called “Jew’s yellow.” The iron grey and the Jew’s yellow ! If his rider returns from the flight, cut off my hand.

‘The roan, called Meghedeur-el-deum, a pool of blood. The rider is sure to be overtaken, but will never overtake.

‘The horse is to be valued that has no white spots, except a star on the forehead, or a simple white stripe down the face. If this descend to the lips, the owner will never be in want of milk. It is the image of the dawn.

‘If the star is truncated or has jagged edges, it is universally disliked, and if, added to that, there is a white spot in front of the saddle, no man in his senses would mount it !’

Grooming is unknown in the Zahara. The horses are merely wiped down with woollen rags, and covered with rugs that envelop both croup and chest. Arabs contend that continual rubbing of the epidermis, especially with the curry-comb, injures their health and makes them delicate.

But if possible their horses are washed morning and evening, and sheltered inside the tents from the sun and rain.

Cleanliness is indispensable. One day a horse was led up to the Prophet, who examined it, rose up, and without a



word wiped its face, eyes and nostrils with the sleeve of his garment.

‘What! with your own garments?’ exclaimed the bystanders.

‘Certainly,’ he replied; ‘the angel Gabriel has more than once rebuked me, and has commanded me to act thus!’

## CHAPTER XXV

### WHICH TELLS OF THE ARAB'S LOVE FOR HIS HORSE

IN Arabia, many years ago, there dwelt a mare called Ansha, renowned throughout the length and breadth of the desert for her surpassing beauty, her unrivalled speed, and her marvellous endurance. Khan Ali was her master, and he loved her, and was proud of her high repute; and she loved Khan Ali well, and was proud to do his bidding. Many coveted her, but all the gold yet offered in all the land had not tempted Khan Ali to part with his treasure. His coffers swelled with many wagers won, for at a word or sign from her master, Ansha showed her paces and won all races against the best and fleetest of Arabia's horses, until she came to be called 'the Apple of Arabia's Eye.'

One day to Khan Ali came word from the Governor of Trebizond, that a rich Baron from a far country had arrived for the sole purpose of seeing, and perhaps of buying, the beautiful mare Ansha. The Baron was waiting at the Governor's house for her and her master. For many leagues by night and by day across the burning desert and through the burning sands flew Ansha, bearing her beloved master to answer the Governor's commands. They travelled



AMMAR, 1898.



with little rest, and arrived very worn and weary, so that when Khan Ali had alighted Ansha drew her four feet together under her, after the peculiar manner of Arabian horses, her head drooped over, and her little ears, so sharp and pointed when erect, seemed to unfold, and fell down long, like the ears of an ass. And thus she fell asleep. Khan Ali also stood to rest himself, and shaking from the folds of his burnoose the sand of the desert, and its fine impalpable dust, with a sigh of relief he drew forth his pipe, and proceeded to light it. Soon he felt the ground tremble under him, and lifting his eyes, saw a line of horsemen approaching. As they passed through the gate which gave them entrance to the enclosure appointed for the rendezvous, they beheld the travel-stained Arabian and the sleeping mare, and said to Khan Ali,—

‘We have come to see Ansha, the famed “Apple of Arabia’s Eye.”’

With salaams and an indicating gesture, Khan Ali said,—

‘Do you wish to try her speed?’

‘What! — *now*! — when she is so nearly dead with fatigue?’

‘Yes, Effendi, now. You see that tree, a mile or so distant? I will give you a fair start, and we shall then see who will reach it first.’

Being freshly mounted, they assented with smiling disdain to so easy a race and so sure a victory, and started their horses on a dead run. Before they had gone one quarter the distance, the mare passed them with easy strides; and as they began the last quarter of the distance, they looked far ahead. There sat the Arab on the motionless mare, under the appointed tree, coolly filling his pipe both man and mare in an attitude of easy waiting.

Together they all returned to the rendezvous ; the Baron who had come to buy determined on the purchase, and keeping close to Khan Ali, said,—

‘ You are willing to sell this mare ? ’

‘ Yes, Effendi.’

‘ How much do you want for her ? ’

‘ As much gold as a man can lift ! ’

A strong bag was brought, and the servants of the Baron were beckoned to approach. They began to empty their saddle-bags, and the gold coins were poured, clinking and tinkling with a merry sound, into the bag held open to receive them. When it was nearly full, the Arab lifted it, but it came off the ground too easily. Shaking his head with dissatisfaction, he again opened the bag, and held it toward them. More gold was piled into its capacious mouth, and now, with all the Arab’s strength, he could barely lift it from the ground—so he was satisfied. Then the Governor of Trebizond said to the Arab,—

‘ Khan Ali, you give this mare, Ansha, in exchange for this bag of gold, to the Baron ? ’

‘ By the beard of Mahommed ! I do vow that I give my mare, Ansha, in exchange for this bag of gold, to the Baron.’ Repeating ‘ By the beard of Mahommed ’ three times, he picked up the bag, and staggering under its weight, walked off. The gate clicked to behind him, and the mare, standing quietly, held by the Baron’s groom, lifted her head high at the sound. With deepest interest and admiration, the group of men surrounded her, commenting upon her extraordinary beauty—for now she stood erect, with her ears pointed forward and her nostrils quivering. Suddenly a sharp, shrill whistle was heard, when, in the twinkling of an eye, the mare had wrenched

her head loose from the hand that held her, had leaped the fence, and with incredible speed was beside her master, before anyone could reach the gate. In a moment Khan Ali mounted, and was flying on Ansha's back, with the bag of gold resting on his saddle-bow; in another, only a cloud of dust remained, to indicate the direction of their sudden disappearance. Consternation reigned among the group so unceremoniously left behind; and threats deep and dire followed the Arab thief who had so shamefully outwitted them. Then said the Governor of Trebizond,—

‘How many pounds of gold did Khan Ali lift?’

‘At least one hundred and fifty pounds’ weight were in that bag.’

‘Then Khan Ali carried away a large sum of money?’

The Baron, in reply, named a sum equal to some \$45,000 in American money.

‘Well, Baron, you shall have the mare or the gold. I promise that the Arab shall return. You have all heard him swear “By the beard of Mahommed” three times?’

‘Yes, Most Wise, we heard him swear it three times.’

‘He shall return to you here; but you must wait, and I will gladly be your host until he comes. Will you accept this arrangement?’

‘With great pleasure, your Excellency.’

They waited. A week passed—two weeks—three weeks had dragged by their weary length, lightened only by such diversions as the kindly Governor could command. At last, at the end of the fourth week, came meekly walking into the courtyard Khan Ali, leading a mule. Beside him was the famous mare, Ansha, magnificently caparisoned. Gold lace was about her neck, and a bridle of exquisite workmanship adorned her head. The saddle-cloth was of



finest embroidery, and the saddle a marvel of skill, while the stirrups were finely carved, and all the trappings gleamed with jewels and golden fringe. The unhappy Khan Ali, covered with dust, abject and conscience-stricken, had returned, and begged to see the Baron. The sudden appearance of the strange trio was soon noised about, and the Governor and his guests hastened to the courtyard. Khan Ali, lifting Ansha's bridle-rein, placed it in the hands of the Baron, and with a cry for mercy and pardon, besought him to take the mare. The Baron, mindful of his late experience, promptly led Ansha to the stable, and, locking the door, put the key in his pocket. Returning, he questioned the repentant Arab ; and Khan Ali, with many tears and sighs, related how the wretched gold so dishonestly obtained, had brought him only keenest misery. The story of the theft spread far and wide, and preceded him everywhere. All distrusted the man who had so broken his promise. He could make no trade, he could neither buy nor sell ; his wife and children, notwithstanding the great heap of gold the good Baron had given him, were starving. Mahommed was angry, for had he not broken his most solemn vow ? He would thank the Baron to take his pet—his blessing—and he had covered her with gorgeous trappings. He had heard that the Baron loved horses, and was good to them, and—'Oh ! would the Baron be kind to his Ansha ?'

Then suddenly turning, and no longer seeing the mare, he rent his burnoose, he tore his hair, and, flinging himself on the ground face downward, gave utterance to his heart-rending grief. In vain did the group of bystanders try to comfort him. In vain they showed him the good horse the Baron had left for him to ride home instead of the

mule ; he still moaned and would not be comforted. And when, two hours later, the little procession of horsemen filed past him and he saw for the last time his beloved Ansha, and heard her farewell whinny, his lamentations redoubled. They were the last sounds that smote the ears of the departing cavalcade.

Thus came the famous Arabian mare into Europe, and her descendants are among the most noted horses on European soil.—*From June number of 'St Nicholas,' 1893, with written permission from the publishers.*

## CHAPTER XXVI

### A VISIT TO REV. F. FURSE VIDAL AND HIS STUD OF ARABIANS AT NEEDHAM, SUFFOLK

WHEN I visited Creeting Rectory and had the pleasure of knowing personally Mr Vidal and his most hospitable and engaging family, I could then see for myself, in his little stud, the beauties and perfections of the pure bred Arabian. Mr Vidal had then twenty-two horses, among them being Kantaka II., bred from imported parents, the celebrated Kismet, out of Sultana. Kantaka is a stallion of superb carriage and proportions, is a fine hunter, quiet to ride, and would make a splendid staff charger.

Nowaghieh, a Keheilet mare, by Hadeed, out of Kesia, who was bred by Mr Chaplin, sire and dam imported by the late Major Roger D. Upton. She is perfectly tractable in harness and under the saddle, very fast, and carries a lady to hounds well.

Kamr, a bay mare, by Jamrood, out of Kushdil, gentled but not yet mounted.

Ras-el-Fadawi, two years old, bred by the Hon. Miss Dillon, by Havilah, out of Raschida, the latter bred by Mr Wilfrid Blunt, by Kars, out of Wild Thyme.

Minr, a half-bred, a lovely brown mare, three years old, by the Arab Nimr, out of Coquette, by Kouch, owned by the Princess of Wales.



TRIGONIA, A CHESTNUT MARE.

Dam of Kouch and Aurat.



There were also two American trotters, Skobeloff and Truth Clay—both specimens of the celebrated Clay blood, from which all the fastest and soundest trotters come.

But the beautiful mare, Kushdil, of the Managhi family, by Kars, out of Naomi, represents the perfections of an Arab. I saw her first in the field, and evidently perceiving that I was a stranger, she walked up to bid me welcome, and to have her muzzle stroked and patted. Who could resist her winning ways! I hugged her on the spot! Then she turned from me gently, and began to show me her paces. Off she galloped, her head high, her tail waving like a plume over her back. She trotted up to the fence and looked over, and seeing some of her companions on the other side, trotted back a little distance, and then starting at a gallop, was over the fence in a twinkling. When she had said 'How d'ye do' to her friends, she came galloping back over the ditches, and then, jumping the fence with a mighty bound, trotted up to where we stood, as if to ask approval of her pretty exhibition. Again I patted and caressed her before she careered off for another run in the paddock.

The next morning Miss Vidal mounted her in the field, and it was a rare sight, to see the perfect rider and perfect horse, in such complete sympathy. Kushdil understood well, that magnetic touch upon the rein, which inspirits and animates with new life, and proudly she leapt fences and ditches, and trotted and galloped to please her fearless rider.

In her younger days—she is now eleven years old—when she was struck sharply with a whip, it was such a surprise to her, that she stopped instantly, turned her head inquiringly, and seizing the trousers of her rider in her teeth,

literally dragged him from the saddle, and would have trampled the man to death, had he not been rescued.

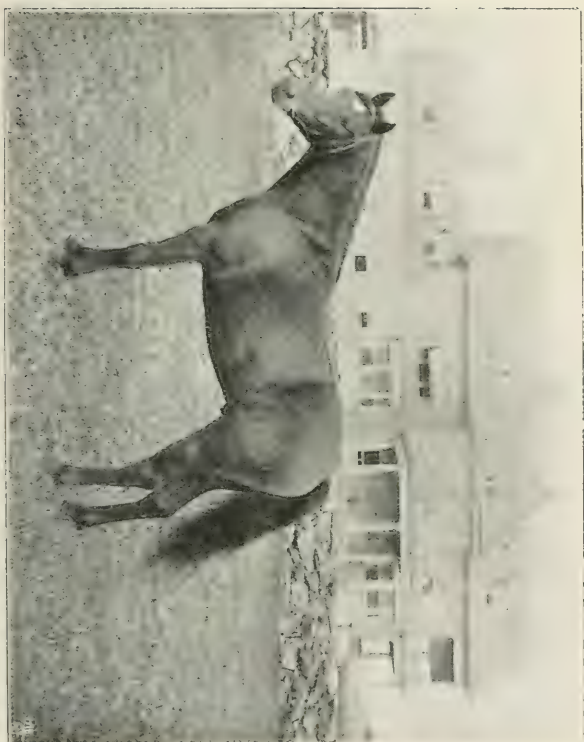
Mr Vidal believes in the power of kindness, towards Arabs especially, and told me of an Arab horse he had bought, of whom his owners complained that they could do nothing. When the groom went into his stall in the morning, the horse, expecting rough treatment as usual, promptly pinned the groom to the wall.

‘Why, how is this, old fellow?’ said the groom, and stroking and petting the quickly penitent animal, and talking to him gently and caressingly, the horse soon released him. Experiencing always the same kind treatment, he proved to be of the gentlest disposition, and Mr Vidal’s daughters rode him constantly without fear.

At a garden-party given by Mrs Vidal, besides the ordinary amusements of tennis, etc., a parade of twenty-two pure bred Arabs was a great and unique attraction. Each horse had a man to lead him in the parade, at the finish of which they were let loose, and jumping the fence one after another into the adjoining paddock, showed their speed and their paces, their heads high and tails streaming, all as if they understood it to be part of the performance, and to the great delight of the assembled guests.

The *Daily Graphic* of October 1896 gave a very eulogistic description of another novel parade, given at the Crystal Palace Show at that time, in which a son and four daughters of Mr Vidal rode Arabs. Kushdil was ridden in turn by two of the Misses Vidal. Mrs F. Scratton rode Nowaghieh, Miss Hilda Vidal rode Dabèh, a sister of Nowaghieh, while Mr Donald Cunliffe Vidal bestrode Esau, a grey Keheilan Ajuz stallion, imported. Kantaka II. was led by a groom. The ladies were dressed





GEAU

[To face page 216.



in light-blue habit skirts, white jackets, white straw hats with broad white and black ribbons crossed. Both horses and riders were loudly cheered by the spectators.

To my astonishment, I learned that these fearless young girls ride the stallions, as well as the mares of the stud, which, if perfectly broken before going to the stud, are entirely safe. This is the case with Arabs only, who, like everything that is thoroughbred, know how to behave themselves as gentlemen should, under all circumstances.

Miss Vidal had no fear in riding a stallion beside the mare he had been with, in the morning. It is said that stallions are as safe to ride and drive as geldings, if they have never been used in the stud.

The number of people in England who appreciate Arabs is increasing daily. They make the finest polo ponies, and as sires of hunters specially, they are recognised to be the best.

Mr Vidal has exported lately to the United States, besides Naomi in 1888, and Kismet, who died on landing, seven other Arabs. To Colonel Borden, of Fall River, Mass., he sent in 1893—

Goldleaf, a mare, by El Dorado, out of Coquette.

Flirt, a mare, by Emir, out of Coquette.

Beau, a stallion, by Kismet, out of Coquette.

Gomussa, a stallion, by Kouch, out of Naomi.

He sent to Mr Huntington, also in 1893—

Nazli, a mare, by Miss Dillon's Maidan, out of Naomi.

Minr, a stallion, by Kismet, out of Nazli.

Garaveen, a stallion, by Kismet, out of Kushdil.

James Ramsdall of Newburgh has also a good strain of Arabs, and a gentleman from the West won the prize at the Chicago Fair with Arabs from the Royal Stuttgart stud.

## CHAPTER XXVII

### HORSES—THEIR FINAL USES

AN extraordinary discovery is claimed lately by a California physician, who calls it the 'Anti-Toxin of Sobriety,' and claims that it will *prevent* hereditary drunkenness. The means employed are decidedly novel. He finds a horse suitable for his purpose, makes him gloriously drunk, and keeps him in that condition for weeks, until his blood is surcharged with alcohol. With a sort of anti-toxin obtained from this inebriated horse, which Dr D'Evelyn calls 'Equisine,' he inoculates the children who, according to his theory, are *born* to be *drunkards*, and thereby renders them proof against the power of alcoholic drinks. He declares that results have proved the correctness of his theory, that in the artificially alcoholised blood of the horse, is a potent factor for the redemption of humanity from one of its greatest curses. I wonder, do the horses recover from their long spree, and cease to be the dissipated wrecks he makes of them?

For the requirements of science, vivisection is still practised secretly in England, else there would be no need

for the 'International Society for the Protection of Animals from Vivisection.' I attended an annual meeting of that society in London, and listened with great interest to the eloquent speakers, and was convinced that under the presidency of Lord Coleridge, supported by Bishop Barry, Surgeon General Watson, Sir J. Bennington Simeon, Mrs Wynford Phillips, Canon Percy Smith, Dr Berdoe, and others, together with public sympathy and support, the total suppression of vivisection, would become a law by Act of Parliament.

I was told that the 'Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals' was quite as much a necessity in England, as elsewhere, but during my long stay, I have seen very little to condemn which could be called cruel, and could not fail to notice the humane care which most drivers gave to their horses. The hansom drivers may be an exception, as the sharp crack of their long whips too often proclaim a stinging cut on the flanks of the pretty little horses, who trot along so speedily. Many a rebuke do the drivers earn from ladies, who threaten to leave the hansom and keep the fare! There are well-intentioned women, too, who indulge in exaggerated sentiment which may be kind, but needs a little common sense to temper it. I had an amusing encounter of that sort one day, when in the 'bus' by St Mary Abbots, at the foot of the long hill, a lady, young and pretty, suddenly exclaimed, 'Get off there, you naughty boys! you shall *not* add to the burden of these poor horses going up this terrible hill!' She turned to me with an air of great indignation as if for support, but I said,—

'Oh! let the boys steal a ride! they can't go far!'

'But THINK of the poor horses!'

‘Yes, I always do ; but maybe you haven’t looked at them, and gauged their enormous strength. They don’t look badly used, or driven to death, with their splendidly rounded bodies, so sleek and well-groomed, their business-like air of seeming to know just what is required of them. Look at their sturdy, even trot, and instant, quiet halt!’

‘But the pull up this hill must be a *fearful* strain on them!’

‘Well, it may be, although a third horse is always hitched on to lessen it, but I’ve mounted this hill on a bicycle, and couldn’t help thinking how humanely the horses are treated, for such an easy ascent.’

‘But how would *you* like to pull up such a burden?’ she persisted, while everybody smiled.

‘If I were a horse, I think I might manage it, but I wasn’t built that way,’ and the smile became audible.

‘I suppose you know,’ she snapped, ‘that bus horses live only *three* years, so *cruelly hard* is their work!’

‘I’ve heard that surprising statement before ; but have you ever talked with the bus-drivers?’

‘Never!’ she exclaimed, horrified.

‘Well, being an American, I’ve claimed that privilege quite often. To ride on top of a bus, and talk to the driver, is a new sensation, and in the pursuit of knowledge, I find the old coachees as intelligent and interesting in their way, as any men I’ve met!’

‘Interesting! Fancy! In what way, pray?’

‘They can give you no end of reliable information along the road they travel, and are proud to be questioned, and they have a remarkable knowledge of horses, individually and in the aggregate. But would you mind going top-side now, and we’ll hear what he says.’

We were fortunate to get a front seat, and when I said 'good-morning,' coachee touched his hat with his whip.

'You've a fine pair of horses there, but I rather like the off horse best. How long have you been driving them?'

'Yer see, lidy, 'as 'ow h'it's like this, h'I've been a driven' this h'off 'orse my h'own self fer the space o' fifteen year, an' 'e don't look that old yet, do 'e?'

'No, indeed, he does not,' I laughed; 'but they have to make very long journeys, day in and day out, don't they?'

'Now, that's wher' yer h'all wrong, miss, h'I drives an' 'as the care of fourteen to sixteen 'orses, an' h'I takes h'every one of 'em h'out, h'in pairs, h'every day!'

'But how do you manage that?'

'Well, yer see, lidy, as 'ow my 'orses makes h'only one trip h'in the twenty-four 'ours, an' when we gits back, h'another pair's ready fer me, an' so we starts h'out fresh h'every trip.'

'And that is all the work they do in a day! How long is the trip?'

'Mine's h'about fifteen miles, an' h'I'm allus back h'in time.'

'Do you never hurry your horses?'

''Tain't no use, miss! They knows well's h'I do as 'ow they're makin' good time, an' ther h'aint no sense a 'urryin' of 'em to death. They goes stiddy right h'along h'all the time, jest as they're goin' now.'

'And do *you* go out every trip?'

'Yes, lidy—*h'I* makes seven to h'eight trips h'every day, but h'I takes h'out a fresh pair of 'orses h'every time h'I goes.'

'Well,' said the lady, as we descended, still nursing her



sentiment, 'it seems incredible, and I think he must be mistaken !'

I laughed, and said, 'If you are not yet convinced, try another. Every old coachee will point out to you horses he has driven from twelve to sixteen years ; and all through England, I have observed that the love of horseflesh results in a most tender and intelligent care of it !'



KAUTAKA.



## CHAPTER XXVIII

### CONCLUSION

THE Princess of Wales, as well as His Royal Highness the Prince, sets the fashion in her love for, and possession of, beautiful horses. In the Sandringham stables is a collection from all parts of the world, and above each manger, is written in gold letters, the name of her pets. The Princess is a skilful whip, and takes a special pride in driving her four French ponies, while nothing better is found in England than her tandem team. Her beautiful and gentle saddle horse, Kinsky, is of Hungarian breed. It is, however, long since she has indulged in riding.

In the harness-room are many interesting pictures of famous horses, both alive and dead, while a touching souvenir of the noted racer, Ormonde, consists of a white velvet tablet in a silver frame, whereon is embroidered with his hair, his name.

To conceive a more varied and bewildering exhibition of equine splendour than charmed the eyes of every beholder at the Queen's latest Jubilee, would be impossible; not only in the horses themselves—the four cream-coloured ponies which drew Her Majesty's coach, the superb chargers ridden by Royalty and the nobility, and the perfectly matched animals of every regiment—but also in their magnificent equipments, their trained obedience in the military march, and the Centaur-

like seat of their riders. It was a brilliant panorama, all too swift in its glittering passage.

The great multitude did homage to General Roberts, as he bestrode his celebrated white Arabian, decked out in the six medals he had so bravely won. And the Arab marched proudly along, unmindful of that other fearful march to Candahar, in the Afghan war, for nineteen long, wearisome days, when he never faltered, and made a record for himself unequalled. No heartier cheers went up than for the Arab and his master, and the cries of 'Bravo! Bobby! bravo!' were echoed all along the line.

One reads in the journals constantly of the sad lot which has befallen, and which awaits grimly, some of the most noted horses of the day. Fred Archer's celebrated Galloway, Satan, was condemned in his old age to drag about a ginger-beer cart, and the famous black horse of General Boulanger did service for a night-cab in Paris. But sadder than these, the stand against vivisection notwithstanding, is the fact that many chargers of noted men must yield their bodies for painful experiments in different medical institutes.

It has been suggested that a home for these old favourites might be endowed by a syndicate of sportsmen. Have we not read of the old lady who endowed a home for cats ; and of another who loved her dogs so well she left her entire fortune for their comfortable maintenance ?

When the career of those noble animals who have won name and fame for their owners has become a thing of the past, is it not pitiful and unworthy that they must descend to base and ignoble employment, or be turned out in the roads or fields to die a lingering death ?

And these owners, and others of thoughtful and generous nature, if the matter were placed before them, could not refuse to pay a yearly subscription towards the establishment of an asylum, wherein these quondam pets might lead a life of well-earned ease.

To visit this home, placed within easy driving distance of the city, and behold such a collection of celebrated horses, would, I predict, soon become a fashionable fad, while a well-written account of their varied experiences in the battlefield, or on the racecourse, *en evidence* in the reception-room, would be no mean addition to the literature of horse-lore.

And the owner who must part with the worn-out old pets to make room for those more useful! What an unspeakable relief to place them, where he knows their last days will be passed in ease and comfort!

In conclusion, if this little book shall modestly point the way to improvement or a more certain success in any direction whatever, it will be a supreme satisfaction to the writer. And what the years may bring forth to us in our intimate and ever-extending knowledge of the superlative delight and usefulness of our coming horse, may all my indulgent readers live to know and appreciate.

## APPENDIX

### EXPLANATION OF TERMS

AT the request of my publisher, I append an explanation of some terms which are not generally understood.

*Teazer.*—In speaking one day of early foals to a horseman, I said, ‘But how can you prevent foals being born in March or April, if their birth be due then?’ With all delicacy possible, he explained to me the functions of a ‘Teazer.’ When a mare gives evidence that she needs to be taken to the stallion, and if conception at that time would cause her to drop her foal too early in the season, then a mule, *whose seed does not fructify*, is employed for her gratification until the proper time arrives. A mare carries her foal eleven months. By certain fixed rules the age of a horse begins on the first of a certain month—say May—so that if he be born in March, or earlier, he is said to be a one-year-old by the first of May. It is therefore important to bring the birth of a foal as near before or after the first of May as possible, in order that it may really have been born twelve months when it is called a yearling, or a one-year-old.

*Entire horse.*—A stallion.

*Gelding.*—A castrated stallion, or the usual horse for riding and driving.

*Nicking.*—A term used in the stud, and means success in mating.

*Selling plater.*—A horse that one is anxious to get rid of at once.



*The mare is secured to its owner.*—Through the etiquette of the tent-rope.

*The sod sickens of them.*—An expression used when there are too many horses for the extent of ground. A horseman gives up his stud when his fields are worn out.

*Mis-standing.*—Failing to conceive.

*Speedy* animals.—Swift, a term in constant use.

THE END







SF  
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B8

Buckman-Linard, Sara  
My horse; my love

BioMed

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